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STORIES TOLD BY THE SPIRITS

PART 01

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PRESENTATION

This Work is a collection of personal testimonies from disembodied souls, received in various mediumistic sessions.

They are fascinating because they are real, without a trace of fantasy. They are spirits who come to narrate their trajectory of sufferings and blessings, sometimes riddled with thistles, pointing out their mistakes and limitations, and bathed in the light of hope, they wish to recover through moral transformation.

Moved, we will witness their agonizing remorse about the time lost in uselessness by getting away from Christ and his Gospel.

By opening their souls, revealing to us their wounds and bruises, these Spirits help us to reflect deeply on the blessings of reincarnation and the need to value our trajectory in the physical vehicle, embracing charity and love as sublime ideals of life.

HOW AND WHY THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN

In Chapter 23 of *"The Gospel According to Spiritism"* – to which he gave the title of *"Strange Morals"* — Allan Kardec gathered his personal observations about determinate parts of The Gospel considered by some as difficult to interpret or understand.

The first of these is the one in which Christ seems to say it is necessary to hate all human kindred to follow Him, as one can see in the text of Luke (14: 25-27 33). Matthew, however, worded the information more succinctly and affirmatively, as it reads in Chapter 10, verse 37: *"Anyone who loves their father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; anyone who loves their son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me."*

Of course, the Supreme Messenger of Love Doctrine could not demand that his followers hate their family members. If the word written by Lucas is really to hate, so, as Kardec observes, it is necessary to strip it *"of its modern acceptance, as contrary to the spirit of the teaching of the Master."*

"The text of Matthew, by the way, — writes Pezzani in a footnote — distances all the trouble."

On another occasion, still according to Matthew and Luke, Jesus announces the spiritual rewards awaiting those who have left home, family, and earthly goods to follow him. He later recalled (Luke 9:61-62):

"No one who puts his hand to the plow and looks back is fit for service in the kingdom of God."

To another who had asked permission to bury his father before following him, Jesus warns that it is more important to ***"Announce the Kingdom of God"***, for the dead would take care of the dead. Indeed, freed from the body, which is the only matter, the spirit will receive from other deceased ones the assistance it needs and which he did justice to by his behavior during his earthly journey.

Finally, there are the texts in which Matthew and Luke again reproduce expressions in which Christ declared: ***"Do not suppose that I have come to bring peace to the earth. I did not come to bring peace but a sword."***

And he continues, in the words of Matthew (10:34-35):

"For I have come to turn a man against his father, a daughter against her mother, a daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. The enemies of a man will be the members of his household."

Once again, it is Kardec's lucid and objective commentary that places the problem in its exact contours:

"Such words of Jesus — writes the Encoder — must therefore be understood concerning the anger that his doctrine would provoke, in the conflicts moments to which he was going to give rise; to the struggles he would have to endure before establishing, as it happened to the Hebrews before they entered the Promised Land, and not as referring to his settled plan to sow disorder and confusion. The evil would come from men and not from him, who was like the doctor who presents himself to cure, but whose remedies provoke a salutary crisis, attacking the bad moods of the patient." (Highlights by me).

As I write this preface, more than twenty years have passed since I first read Chapter 23 of *"The Gospel According to Spiritism."*

I have never doubted accepting the solutions proposed by Kardec for the apparent difficulties in interpreting the cited texts. Not only are

they logical, but they fit perfectly with the postulates of the Spiritist Doctrine and what we know about the personality of Jesus and his teachings in the very Gospels and countless documents of unsuspected mediumistic origin.

I have returned countless times to "The Gospel According to Spiritism", and surely to Chapter 23, for that is the main book of the Gospel at Home that I have been practicing in the privacy of my household for many years. I have never imagined, however, that for me was reserved the opportunity and privilege to witness vivid examples from situations that would attest to the tragic precision of what so emphatically proclaimed Jesus.

By aiming at sharing with the reader a little of my personal experience, I decided to write this book.

Before proceeding with these brief notes, nevertheless, we need to make a little pact between the reader and me. I explain.

The stories that make up this collection are real. There isn't a fantasy stroke in them, retouching, or embellishment to soften their impact or sweeten their content. It's as if they were cut out, with all the agonies that it implies, of the living tissue of memories, at a time when, for higher than their initial effort to deny and even cheat, the Spirit is compulsively driven to tell the truth, despite how unpleasant and arduous it is. That moment of truth, the point at which the flight ends and the long walk back to spiritual sanity, is achieved by the process of delicate memory regression. Lost in the shadows of his ravings, the Spirit needs to descend into the dark basement of his most secret memories to identify the reason for their anguish and face the reality of their inner ghosts, his remorse, and his crimes.

It is a solemn moment that must be lived and witnessed with dignity and respect for the being there, exposing his most intimate wounds. And also, a moment that demands tireless patience, considerable tact, the correct dose of energy, and, above all, a moving and tender capacity to love on the part of those who accompany the painful process of catharsis.

It is also, and finally, a moment of bright hopes, and due to all this, of the deepest religiosity, for in understanding with his tormented conscience, the being speaks with God.

Therefore, dear reader, do not be surprised by certain reticence and care understandable to avoid revealing identifications, which perhaps added a higher tone of authenticity to the story, but would also lend it an undesirable connotation of cheap sensationalism from a second-rate soap opera.

We opted for deliberate anonymity, which everything and everyone must protect.

The mediumistic group is anonymous, just as its members and manifesting Spirits, anonymous must remain the nature and objectives of the work accomplished. Not because there is at all that something extraordinary, different, marvelous, or that the incarnated and disembodied beings that make up the group are exceptional; without prejudice, however, to the living lessons we glean from such painful episodes, respect for other people pain demands from everyone the charitable contribution of secrecy and discretion.

There are, then, no names in this book, nor pretensions greater than that of conveying the message always new, for it is eternal, of valuing love, the universal force that creates and sustains the Universe, the essence of God, that "primordial element (in which) constellations and suns, worlds and beings, like fish in the ocean", in the beautiful saying of André Luiz, in the initial words of "Evolution in Two Worlds".

I could not prevent my name from appearing as the author of a work that, in reality, is not mine. I have just copied it from life. Somebody needs to sign a book that goes out into the world, and for that reason alone, a name appears on it. My involvement in the dramas, whose fragments are reported here, is explained by the simple reason that I participated, with all the recognized limitations that still weigh me down, from a small and anonymous mediumistic group to which

much-loved Spiritual Friends brought disturbed companions to dialogue with us.

We experience the happiness, certainly undeserved, to share in the infinite joys of rescuing some of those tormented brethren. We were not looking for projection, or sensations and rewards, because the work of love, in itself, pays the server.

There are, thus, no names to mention. Out of the absolute need for expository clarity, we had to fix some simple labels: the manifesting Spirit, the Spiritual Benefactors, the medium, the indoctrinator, the participants, and the group of mediums. Other than that, and the consequent deletion of determinate geographic or historical identifications, as well as a minimum possible grammatical adjustment, the report is a faithful reproduction of the recorded dialogues, from the first to the last word, on long-haul magnetic tapes in specialized equipment.

We even decided to sacrifice a little the grammatical correction of the lines in favor of the dialogue's spontaneity, all developed in the heat of the moment, without literary embellishments, semantic concerns, or any artifice designed to produce an effect. It is a free talk, sometimes emphatic and even passionate, but in all the purity of its authenticity.

Therefore, the reader must note a few inaccuracies, constant repetitions, and a mixture of treatments. Things grammarians look down on disguised horror, but the one that people consecrate in that irresistible way of modifying the language that speaks according to its imagination and taste.

Thence, it is a collection of personal testimonies. The reader will easily notice why these introductory explanations open with an appreciation of Chapter 23 of "The Gospel According to Spiritism."

We will find in some of these stories that for their loving more the father, mother, wife, daughter, or son than the Christ, they thought it was necessary to hate the Master.

We will see those who received their hundredfold reward for having had the extreme courage to break with their people, leaving home, family, and earthly goods, to follow in the footsteps of the Nazarene. We will identify those who put their hands on the plow, but (pages 12 and 13 are missing).

Stories Told by the Spirits

Dear reader:

This volume brings us to meditation stories that constitute lives, which the body death could not consume.

They revive the dramas that culminated in tragedies involving their characters in the vine of wide afflictions, whose effects reappeared in reincarnations that followed painfully, awaiting the regularization of the errors, the ennoblement of these misguided Spirits.

Acts are the judges of us all.

Successful, as unfortunate achievements, are transferred from one existence to another and deeply mark their agents.

Years, centuries, and even millennia pass on Earth, interning these spirits in the body or out of it, without peace being wrapped up in their indebted hearts, unless when love appears as a blessing and sincere repentance gives them the retracing of the previously traveled path with hallucination, now conquered through the realization of liberating good and sanctifying charity.

No one who travels around the world is an exception...

All of us owe debts to Life.

The mediumship task with Jesus, where unhappy spirits are treated is one of the most ennobled commitments with which the Spiritist Doctrine now honors our evolutionary process.

Thanks to this lucid exchange, programmed by the Spiritual Benefactors, countless companions, disembodied or not, in the rear, overcome by despair and pain, find healing psychotherapy and a guideline of happiness to defeat the dissolving passions to which they surrender.

After the blessed dialogue, in which the suffering spirit expresses its anguish through psychophony and receives a friendly word from the

indoctrinator, behold hope dawns in the stormy night in which they debate, urging them to the work of redemption...

However, it is imperative not only for them, but also for those entangled in the plot, although dwelling in a physical body.

We, therefore, welcome in this book a timely cry of warning, an invitation to reflection for all of us, from spiritual and material dimensions, so that, despite all the conquests of human knowledge, in this time of grave responsibilities for humanity, we do not forget that only Jesus continues to be “the Way, the Truth, and the Life”.

Joanna de Ângelis

(Page psychographed by the medium Divaldo P. Franco, in the mediumship session on the night of 01/30/1980, at the Spiritist Center “Caminho da Redenção”, Salvador, Bahia.)

HO-SAN'S DAUGHTER

Let us observe, in this case, the initial reluctance, the real resistance that the Spirit offers to the indoctrinator's effort to take him to the past.

The dialogue is reproduced from the point where he begins to express his refusal to face the harsh reality of their commitments.

-There is no problem. I wanted it like this. It was a choice. I'm tired of men, life, everything.

-You're even tired of yourself.

-I'm done. But then what are you going to do? You have to go on; go ahead. I live in a place where there are no days, no months, no years; there is a terrible eternity, a monotony that doesn't go away, and you don't even have a night to see that the next day the sun will rise, and maybe it will be different. You know that it will not. It's just that.

-Of course; for you have no hope... Who can live without hope? You say there is only today; there is no past.

-That is not a hope, my friend; it is a reality. The reality is that I'm telling you.

-No, my son. It is a total illusion of your Spirit.

-It is a night without day; the day will never break.

-But we are not obliged to remain in the night. We are beings of light.

-It's an eternity, a passivity, a terrible thing.

-And how do you say there is no future?

-You don't know how it is terrible this time without time. And it's awful.

-Of course. You run away from time because you're running away from the past.

-You can't imagine how important a clock on Earth is. With a watch, you have the feeling that you own time. That you can control it. The time. You own the hours.

-I understand, my dear. I know very well what you want to say. And yet, you tell me that it's too late to start over. How can it make sense?

-You can't even start over because there's no time here.

-There is no time while you are in this context, my dear brother.

-There, where you are, you still can say: tomorrow; tomorrow I'll give it a solution. Tomorrow, I do. Here, you have no tomorrow.

-You have a future too. It is at this point, my dear brother, that I have asked, and I repeat here the appeal. Let us help you out of this dilemma, this vicious circle. There are exits.

-My friend, I am in a timeless sphere where there is nothing and everything; at the same time.

-That doesn't make any sense. You are playing word games. Don't you have an activity?

-Yes, yes. But I already said: it is a time without time. Horrible!

-But what about your past? What did it teach you?

-What is the importance of this past that has passed?

-It's from the past that we come.

-Where is that past? If yesterday doesn't exist here, how come you want the past? Here where I live, it doesn't exist.

-My dear friend, let me remind you one more time. You have come here today because there is a little hope. Let's hold on to that hope that you bring to seek to help you. To serve you. Dare to accept the things, my dear brother.

-It's like looking for a needle in a haystack, my friend. You will find nothing.

The Spirit refers to the difficulty in finding the true causes of his troubles.

-Listen. We are children of God created in the same way, "simple and ignorant", as the doctrine of Jesus teaches. We are free, as you said, by free will, to make our choices; we are responsible for our actions. So, my dear brother, at any moment of our lives, like this moment that you are here, in this present, you can decide to change your life. You are not obliged to be a prisoner of time.

-We are all prisoners of time. You are the ones who have the illusion of owning it because you have a watch, one day, one night...

-We are struggling against our prisons of the past. You are not. You have surrendered to them and crossed your arms. You think you cannot do good when that's not true. You are so capable of loving, doing good, and being loved as me, as any of us. It all depends on your mental matrices. Though, if you don't care about the moral aspects of your actions, you will remain trapped in these schemes for centuries and centuries. How long have you been in this organization?

-What is the time, my friend? Well, I have just said there is no time here, and you want me to say how long?

-I know, but when was your last existence in the flesh? What did you do here among us when you were in the flesh? Who were you, and where did you live? Let's go to your deep personality, the real being that you are, not to this hallucination, you live in.

-That's what I am, my friend: this hallucination in which I live.

-Right. That is what you are now, but then you weren't. Why were you led to this? Why have you stopped making decisions in favor of your spirit, and stopped fighting, crossed your arms?

And now you tell me that you are strong? You are weak when you have all the strength of God within your spirit. (A hint of a smile). Yes, my son. Help me, so that I can help you. I want to serve you; I'm here as a companion who also has his difficulties, problems, disappointments, afflictions, and anguish, but we can share the experiences that exist between us. You have something to give me, and I might have something to offer you.

-My friend, you have nothing better than what I've tasted to offer me.

-What have you tried?

-All.

-What do you call everything?

-Everything you can imagine.

-So, you were good too.

Unintentionally, the indoctrinator touches on the critical point of his problem: the deformed conviction that good does not pay.

The Spirit pauses; he has a suffering smile and replies, confirming:

-And what did I get out of it?

The indoctrinator seizes the opportunity, the cue:

-Let's see: how has goodness betrayed you? What was it that traumatized you to this point? How was this story?

Break. He still hesitates. He makes a face and then replies:

-Kindness always causes trauma. Men are not prepared for good, my friend. Maybe they are now... Not even now; in their time, they are; they have never been. They have never known how to understand kindness.

-Have you?

-All those who were good were crucified, one way or another.

Another opportunity:

-So, you think Christ was good. That is right. I believe it is positive, but let's see where kindness left you in despair. Tell me. How was that?

Long pause, then a question:

-Why do you want to know? What interest do you have?

-The interest in my brother, the desire to serve, to help. I have asked you humbly to help me to help you. You can only help me by coming back to that past, to put everything in another context, my dear. You can't simply ignore what you did, what you were, where you have

been, and what you are trying to get. You cannot ignore this. You are a human being with human experiences; you have Spiritual Friends and creatures that love you and are interested in your destiny.

-I know, but where are they?

-You have run away from them! You've locked yourself in a universe where this... this... "*boredom*", (The indoctrinator, though speaking in Portuguese, had this word to speak what he meant.)* as they say in English... (The exact word escapes the indoctrinator. the Spirit says soon :)

-Boring!

-Yes, the word is not very appropriate, but it describes well the situation. You have conformed to it. To escape from it you do all this hallucinatory activity. So, is this a way to escape from the boredom, you call it?

Now comes the exact word from the Spirit:

-It's tedium. Isn't that what you mean?

-Exactly, tedium... Love is not tedium.

-But the reality is constant tedium.

-No, my dear. No. You are wrong.

-This creature — (he had previously referred to someone) is it a woman?

-It's a woman.

-Where did you two meet?

-Why do you want to know so much?

-My dear friend, forgive me. It's not unhealthy curiosity. I don't want to submit you to any humiliation...

-My friend, it was not the only time. Do you think it was? Do you believe a man makes such a decision based only on one illusion? Only with one disappointment? No. They are several.

-You're running away from your reality. Let's face it with courage.

-I need the courage to face what, my friend?

-You still haven't told me where kindness has failed you.

-In several places.

-Tell me one of them. What good did you do that wasn't positive?

Finally, the story begins to unfold:

-It's connected to this girl I thought I'd find here.

-Tell me, please. Trust me.

Pause and sigh, and then:

-It was a story of the many dramas scattered across the universe. It was in a Spanish city. I was a rich landowner, very wealthy. "A Rich Señor" ... (He smiles sadly and goes ahead:) — I had a family. And a daughter who was almost a girl. One day, I welcomed on my farm, on my land, a character who had been chased in another city because of a little revolution he had gotten into. I took him in; I helped him; I made him a member of my family. I gave him everything: social status, up to a title; I got it for him. So it is... And what was the pay I got from this creature that ate beside me, at my table and shared with my family? Yeah... (sighs.)

Break. (The memory is, of course, too painful). Because of him, I lost my daughter.

-How did you miss her? Let's go! Did she run away?

-What she did doesn't mean anything to me, for she was a child, but he seduced her... (long pause, hesitations...) Ah! horrors!... We had, at that time, you know, safes where we kept the goods. There were no banks as of today. He made her steal the family's goods. And he ran away with her. I naturally went looking for her. I looked for her like crazy. She was my only child. In her, I deposited all my hopes and all my dreams. No. I didn't find her. And it passed a long time. I reported him to the authorities but to no avail. The years passed... My wife withered like a flower that you take the water from, the sun, and she

dried and dried... until there was nothing left but surrender the soul to God.

-It is a very sad story. Unfortunate...

-No, but that's not all there yet. Years later, I went to another city alone. Why should land and goods interest me if I had nothing and my greatest possessions were stolen from me?

-Yes, the wife was gone, and you were without the daughter.

-I went to a city one day, and found her in an inn.

-Did you recognize her?

-No. Not that angel who left my home, but I recognized her... Something disfigured...

-Was she alone? Abandoned?

-Yes. He prostituted and abandoned her. And he ran away because all he wanted was the money.

-Did you take her back to look after her? Long hesitation. After:

-No.

-My son, weren't you her father? What did you do?

-I needed revenge. What I did then was looking for him like a crazy, to kill him, to sting him, to make him suffer.

-Did you find him? Still in that life?

-No. I didn't. And I have been looking for this man.

-But have you found him now?

-I don't want to find him in different positions, for my revenge must be immense. (So he wanted a similar situation to that they lived in Spain).

-I understand. And she? Didn't you see her again?

-Then, I returned to that city, but I couldn't find her anymore.

-So, my dear friend, you had a chance to help her, but you didn't want it. It was your daughter! Because you hated him, didn't she deserve

your help? But this question is not so relevant. The most important question... forgive me... Do you think that all this painful drama, this pitiful tragedy. Did you suffer it innocently?

-I found her later, because I kept looking for her, but it was too late. Only was I able to take her back to bury her. She died in my arms, tubercular, rotten, totally; the organism. And with that, you see that the sources have dried up feelings inside me. Everything dried up, my friend, and then I can talk about it coldly. I don't feel anymore...

-Yes, you do, because you hoped to find her here today.

-Tonight... Not tonight... They projected in my mind an image of her. Girl, beautiful, on the days when it was just the three of us: me, her and her mother.

-Just a moment... Forgive my insistence on the question. Do you think that all this suffering was innocent? Didn't you owe anything to the Law of God? Never have you done anything previously to justify this?

Break.

-I don't think so, my friend. I really loved.

-It's not that. You know our responsibility under the Law. The Law charges us for faults because it requires readjusting the universe balance, to which you referred earlier...

-Inés... That was her name.

-Oh! Yes. But suppose that in a previous life you did similar folly to anyone? Otherwise, there is no justification for such a barbarian thing, isn't it? Do you think God punishes the innocent? First, God does not punish anyone; only the laws charge us for our faults. Then, my dear brother, if you have gone through this bitter experience, it is because...

-The priests spoke to me a lot about charity... the religious... Where did goodness take me?

-Wait a moment, my dear friend. In your past, wasn't there anything that justified it?

-Well, my friend, who cares about the past when you have pain in the present?

-The pain of the present is the consequence of our past mistakes. You know it as well as I do.

-But that doesn't justify anything. It's no use wanting to take me to the past to know. It won't change what happened. Even if I have gone through Talion's pain, my friend, that won't take away the one I have felt.

-Yes, my friend, as it could not also take away the pain of those you caused a similar disappointment either. Or could it? Who knows those whom you hurt have forgiven you?

-Did I cause it? But how did I cause it, if I was the victim?

-No. Previously, in another existence. Don't you admit it?

-Now! They couldn't have taken revenge on my daughter. Then why didn't they take revenge on me? Why didn't they kill me? Why didn't he kill me? And did he not plunder the house and leave with the money?

-Because that was not what existed in your appointments.

Break.

-Damn him! A thousand times, damn him!

-Wait. Let's see now what occurred earlier.

-I wish Satan existed and Hell was a reality! Please! It's no use. I'm not going to any past!

-Yes, you are. Go, because you have to...

-I don't care about the past. Why do you want to know about the past?

-It's not me. It's you who needs to know.

-How will that alter my reality, my friend? I already understood. I suffered pain.

-Why did you suffer it?

-It doesn't matter why. Will the pain decrease if I know why? If you cut yourself with a knife or a penknife, does it lessen the pain to know what instrument cut it?

-You've been through this affliction, but you're craving revenge. You want to kill him.

-Killing him is little.

-You want to torture him.

-I want to drive him crazy. I want him to have visions of his crime.

-I understand. And when you had visions of your crime, did you accept them?

Long silence. Then a question:

-You're playing the devil's lawyer, aren't you?

-No, my son. Your lawyer. I want to help you.

Silence. The indoctrinator gets up to help him with magnetic passes.

-You now understand why I came here. I have got disappointed because I haven't found anybody...

-Listen. You want your daughter. It's very fair.

-I wanted to know, at least, if she's alright.

-But you're not okay...

-I don't care how I am. If she's okay is what matters.

(The presence of love, despite everything).

The indoctrinator begins to insist on the memory regression process, trying to lead him to the past, where the matrices of suffering and revolt are. The Spirit insists:

-No, my friend. There is no past. It's a waste of our precious time because there's nothing there to change what happened. I could have

been the worst criminal... (And after a very long pause:) What do you want from me?

-Let's go further back in time. Let's look for the cause of this great pain, in the past, in a previous life. Wherever the problem is, you will find it. Come with me. Trust me, be patient, be brave.

After a long silence, already regressed in time, the Spirit speaks again:

-Laos. I think it's a place.

It is an Asian country located south of China, between Burma and Thailand on one side, and Vietnam on the other, north of Cambodia.

-Do you live there?

-Yes

-What do you do?

-I harvest rice.

-Who lives with you? Are you married? Do you have children?

-No. I don't.

-Let's see, then, what's going on with you. Tell me.

-I live with the old Ho-San and his daughter.

-Aren't you, his son, then?

-No.

-Are you young?

-I am...

-Is the daughter very pretty?

-Yes.

-Do you like her?

-I do.

-And do you intend to marry her?

-She doesn't want it because her father has only her.

-Does he have a lot of money? Is he rich?

Long silence.

-What is being rich?

-Having many goods, a lot of properties, a lot of rice.

-He is rich.

-Aren't you? Are you an employee or a worker?

-I don't (have).

-Let's see, then, what happened. What did you do? Did you ask to marry the girl?

-I, one day, there in the rice, I forced her. She struggled, fell, hit her head on a rock and died.

-And what did you do after that? Did you run away?

- I was afraid. I knew where he kept the riches and needed to run away and... But he was worried about her not arriving, which surprised me when I took it off... And he looked at me without understanding, and said: "My son!" I took a knife and attacked him. I didn't want to do that!

-I know. It is clear. And did he die there?

-And I ran away.

-So, my dear. Now let's get back to our present here. Come with me, keeping the memories of these two episodes so that you can confront them and conclude for yourself.

-I'm cold, very cold. My feet are cold, icy...

-Listen to me. I want you to understand, please, the reason for your difficulties, pain, and agony in Spain by confronting it with the episode from Laos. Confront the two, for you must conclude, not me, to know whether there is no justice in the Divine Laws.

What you have suffered is always exactly the replica of what you have made others suffer. Do you understand it now?

-What does this lead me to, then? Inactivity. To compare...

-No, my son. It leads to the conclusion that you have not suffered innocently; you have only put things back before the Law.

-But I have suffered. It doesn't matter if it was innocent or not. I have suffered terrible pain!

-But do you think he didn't suffer too? And, also the girl, over there in Laos, all this suffering caused by you? Do you think they didn't suffer anything? He created you, fed you, and sustained you. You were a real son to him, and yet you practically murdered the only daughter he had.

Then the episode repeats itself, and you think you don't have...

-No. She was not my daughter.

-Wouldn't she have been the same creature, the same Spirit?

-It wouldn't be fair for her to die twice.

At this point, he remembers, or admits, some relevant detail and says:

-Yes, she was the wife (in Spain) ...

-What about him? Is that understood now, my brother? What do you think of all this?

-But I was good to him.

-He was good to you too. You killed him because you wanted his money.

-He didn't kill me; he killed my daughter.

-You also killed his daughter, didn't you? Is it understood?

-Why did he have to do this to me?

-Why did you have to do that to him? You didn't have to kill him; you didn't have to force the daughter who didn't want you. Can you understand perfect symmetry?

-I'm confused! I'm lost!

-What conclusion do you draw from all of this?

-My mind is confused! I'm very confused!

And finally, painfully:

-I am a defendant; I can't do it justice.

-I agree with you on that. That's the first positive thought you take away from this whole tragedy. If you continue to take revenge, the drama continues. You will have disappointments and think it was because of the goodness you suffered, which is not true.

That reasoning is entirely false, as you have just verified. Is it understood? Now, please do me a favor. I have asked you earlier to help me serve you. Such an offer still stands. We want to extend our hands to you...

-I feel a deep pain here in the heart.

-I know. But I believe this girl's spirit has no grudge against you and wishes to see you. Be prepared to meet her.

-And the wife, my wife? She loved me...

-She keeps on loving you, just the same. The fact that she has physically died does not mean she also died in spirit. Somewhere she must be waiting for you. You liked her, didn't you? She was a good wife.

-I loved her. We were so happy!

- Let's do something. I know this has caused you a great deal of confusion and perplexity. Follow our companions present here...

-I'm guilty. Now I see it. I didn't tell you everything. He wished to marry my daughter, but... he didn't have, for me, position and quality. Maybe if I had agreed, nothing of it would have happened.

-Certainly. But let me tell you something meaningful. This remorse...

-She would have given him back the goods; she was my only heir.

-Thus it is. You would have grandchildren and complete happiness with your wife. That opportunity you missed, but...

-This is all madness! That, you name ethics. And this ethics of Law...

-Listen, my son. We are not going to discuss philosophy now. We are dealing here with emotions and feelings; put philosophy aside. Let's solve your problem. I want to make you a request. Don't let this remorse, regret, agony paralyze you. You have conditions...

-But I have wasted so much time!

-I know, but now you're going to recover it, right?

-But why did they let me fail?

-I know, but now you're going to recover it. Do you agree to come with us, then? My son, we have free will to decide what we want to do. Didn't you want to take revenge once more? You could have done it.

Yet, you know it doesn't suit you. Our Paul said: "*Everything is lawful for me, but not everything suits me.*"

The Law allows you to do this, but does not approve it.

-A defendant cannot do justice.

-You'll have plenty of time to mull these things over, but right now, you'll rest.

The indoctrinator puts him to sleep through passes, and entrusts him to the care of the group's spiritual workers.

There is little to comment on here other than insisting on calling the reader's attention to the absolute security of the divine laws, which from karmic commitments, build with total fidelity and symmetry the situations that we need for the readjustment. Patiently, the positions of each one, are planned, until it becomes possible to gather

all the elements that we need to bear witness that we have learned the lesson of love. And, frequently, after everything has been neatly put together, we fail again, wasting another excellent opportunity for redemption. At this point, it starts over again, until one day — Centuries later? Millennia? —The characters and situations can meet again.

In the case just reported, a young man accepted as a son of a small family already crippled by his wife's departure from Laos, centuries ago.

Out of control of his passion for the young woman, old Ho-San's only daughter, instead of trying to win her over little by little through his dedication and affection or renouncing her, he tries to possess her by force and accidentally ends up causing her death. Before running away, under the justification that he needed money for the escape, he robs the house that was his own home, which perhaps he could even inherit by marrying the girl. Surprised by the act of the old man, he murders the elderly man too.

Centuries later, the murdered former young woman is, after all, the beloved wife of Spain, whom he loves so much. He is rich and happy when the readjustment cycle opens: he welcomes as a son the one whose assets, daughter, and life he stole in Laos.

It's time to restore material goods and spiritual peace. The mechanism was built so that, by marrying the daughter of the Spanish nobleman, the former Ho-San recovered his material goods naturally, through inheritance, by the usual order of things, without violence and afflictions. Even the relationship between the two young ones from Laos was repaired with intelligence and love, for his passion for her now, in Spain, had taken on the hues of the husband's respect and legitimate love while old Ho-San returned as a son-in-law and eventually father of his grandchildren.

In all of this, however, there were testimonies. The wealthy lord of lands and titles would need to overcome irrational pride and accept as his son-in-law the one he was responsible for returning the goods.

He refused the daughter in lawful marriage simply because he did not consider the young man of good social lineage a suitor. As for this one, he would have to sublimate his passion and contain his ambition and impatience, trying persuasion, that moreover, would not be so unattainable since the powerful noble had welcomed him as a son, therefore having for him a minimum of affection and predisposition to accept him into the family. It was necessary to wait patiently or be prepared even for outright refusal, for he must also have his karmic problems, some of which he would have so painfully rescued in Laos.

By revolting, using violence, seduction, and later abandonment of the girl, he reopened the vicious circle of error that cries out for painful reparations, which, in turn, test our patience, understanding, and humility.

As for the girl, who in Laos had refused tormented passion, now she accepted her father's former aggressor and murderer as her husband in a sublimated relationship. When the scheme fails by reheating the passions, she was consumed, "withered like a flower without sun and water", in her husband's pained expression.

And in the future, what awaits these beings? New readjustment attempts, new tests, new purposes, and hopes. Competent and devoted Spirits, whom we could perhaps call "engineers of love", one day they will study carefully, all these karmic tokens and trace, with the participation of the interested parties, a new work program, everything thought out, adjusted, just right, in its minimal details. From now on, all that remains is to pray so everything becomes smooth and that once incarnated, good intentions are kept, and fulfill the painful testimonies.

THE SLAVE GIRL

This fellow performed with a different technique. Not at all unknown, but not very common. His word was sweet, unctuous, tranquil. He greeted the mediumistic group with great affection and respect, anticipating a "night of accomplishments in the name of Jesus, our good and beloved Master." He praised our Spiritual Advisor's opening words.

He philosophized at length and with excellent rhetoric in well-turned and fluent phrases.

He saw, right away, that it was a "loving and dedicated to the good service with authenticity and detachment group."

Wouldn't it be there, perhaps, an opportunity for him to serve modestly, within his means? As we know, there are companions that "only the verb comes out of the mouth, but it does not come from the heart."

As for workers like him, they were often evilly interpreted or accepted without analysis.

Thus, he had come attracted by the sincerity of our Group and the true Christian sense of serving, which would be ours. He was not, evidently, a needy spirit, as we could see, but one who has something to give on behalf of suffering humanity.

We have treated him with our usual respect, dialoguing calmly with him. Along with the friendly talk, it was not difficult to discover where, how, and with whom he worked, with the help of brilliant intelligence, a lot of culture, and experience. At the service of prodigious ambitions.

Like other companions in such a situation, he tried to convince us, without the slightest success, that, as Spirit that he was, he intended nothing for himself. For what?

He worked only for the good of mankind, for spreading the truth, love, and justice.

Always very skillful, kind, and intelligent, he exposed with greater objectivity to his work philosophy, at the moment when he judged it opportune. Until then, the indoctrinator had limited himself to listening patiently, adding a few respectful remarks. He thought that in terms of Gospel, the man already has enough. The message of Christ would already have reached everyone's heart. The indoctrinator, for example. He was a model of Christian virtues. It was now necessary to develop the scientific aspects that would serve as a point of support for the Doctrine taught in "The Book of Spirits".

When our differences began to take shape ~ because in these cases, it is necessary to let the Spirit speak to have an idea of what brings him to us, and what are his motivations — he became somewhat impatient, and then went to irritation and, finally, threats.

The moment of the liveliest debate had arrived, where the contestation started.

He had to understand that we accepted him as a brother, with all the affection of our hearts, but we fundamentally disagreed with his ideas.

Later on we finally reached the third stage of the work: the one that consists in bringing the Spirit gently, but also firmly, to look

within yourself. As expected, it was not easy to achieve the memory regression. He was pretty experienced in mind matters and was on guard against our magnetic induction methods. When he felt he was

loosening his resistance, he declared that the indoctrinator would find nothing in his memories because...

That is where the part of the dialogue reproduced begins:

-They've been swept away... We have prepared ourselves for this task. (He said before that this preparation consisted of what he called "brainwashing").

-To forget?

-So as not to let us be disturbed by unpleasant things.

The indoctrinator tells him that not only the unpleasant memories are in the indelible records of the being, but also the pleasant ones, the good, the benefit done, love, hopes, beings we love ~ There is a pause and he says a name, probably the code word of his file that he thought was "disintegrated" forever.

-Ruth...

-Who's Ruth?

-It's a girl... A Jewish girl. That damn race!

-And who are you?

-Don't you know? Who do you think I am? You look at me and asks who I am? What disrespect is this?

-You say she is of the accursed race. So you're not Jewish...

-Of course not. Can't you see? See if I smell like them.

-What race are you then?

-Don't insult me with such a question.

-Roman?

-Of course.

-And where do you live?

- Where do I live, if not in the great metropolis?

-And how did you find Ruth?

-At the Tetrarch's house.

- In Rome? Asked the surprised indoctrinator.

- No, naturally not.

-And you liked her...

-You don't like a Jewish woman, you use her.

-But love has no racial barriers, does it? Did you love her?

-You don't love a Jewish one.

-Oh! You just used her. Didn't you respect her then?

-What's that? Who spoke of respect for a Jew?

-Doesn't a Jew need respect, then?

-But certainly not.

-And then, what happened?

-Why are you interested in knowing?

-I want to know, my dear friend, what happened to Ruth, who I don't think was a Jew, but a human being, as you are also a human being. No matter what social positions we eventually occupy — we are children of God.

-I was hurt. Those Jews are always making trouble, aren't they?

-Were you injured in the street? Are you a military man? What Jews were these? Were they Christians?

-Who cares about what these Jews are?

-Are you a friend of the Tetrarch?

-Surely.

-And of the Caesar too?

-What absurd questions you ask me! He shouts impatiently.

-Don't you insult me! Who do you think you're dealing with?

-Who are you, then? If I knew who you are I could call you by your name. Am I insulting you?

-Of course you are. Surely... With all these stupid questions. So you look at me and do not see?

-Are you a noble then?

-But look at this absurd question! If you don't know my name, it doesn't interest you. Get that hand off my arm! Take that hand away! Bother. Don't touch a noble!

He keeps saying that nothing else exists, but goes on telling, reluctantly, his story and Ruth's.

There is nothing, my dear. Simply this Jew healed my wounds with a mysterious medicine I don't know where she got it. (Would she have picked up the proud patrician in a street fight to deal with him?)

-Later...

-Now, what do you think you're trying to do?

-What happened to her?

-Now! What happens to all these Jewish women: they show up pregnant and accuse us.

-And the child? Was it born?

-I disowned her, of course.

-Yes, but the child was born, wasn't it? Was it a boy or a girl?

-She was an idiot! She swore revenge.

What does it matter? Daughter of a Jew...

-I know, but it was your child too, wasn't it, my dear? She was the mother, and you the father.

-So she said, but who can trust a Jewess?

-But then you loved her, didn't you? There's nothing wrong with loving a Jew. Have you ever been a Jewish?

-I hope not.

-What happened to the child, then?

-I adopted it and took it to Rome.

-What about Ruth?

-She stayed there.

-Did she stay in Palestine? Was it a boy?

-No. It was a girl.

-And what name did you give her?

-I can't say it, for if I do, you'll know who I was.

-I'm not interested in your revealing your identity, my brother. You will only say what you want to say. I just want to show you that we don't need to be stuck to our disappointments. We can go out of them.

-I have no disappointments.

-Yes, you do. Is it the girl? Did she grow up in Rome? Did she get married? What happened to her?

He sighs, struggles, and takes some time. Finally:

-A disgrace. (Pause) Those damned Christians...

-Did she become a Christian?

-She betrayed me.

-Did you get married in Rome? Why do you say she cheated on you?

-Because she joined that mob! And I disowned her, and turned her into a slave of my house. What interest do you have in this story?

-No my son. I'm interested in you. In order to be able to help you, so you understand how these problems from the past still hurt you today. You must understand this well: you cannot do things like this to a human being.

-How not? Don't they talk so much about the cross? That they have to suffer?

-She suffered. Where is she today?

-I married a beautiful patrician and gave her as a slave.

-Your own daughter?

-Yes. She was very beautiful. Then my wife thought she wasn't just a slave. She was jealous and poisoned her. And I went crazy in pain.

-You see then, my dear friend, there is a high ability to love in your heart. Pain is a wake-up call.

-I loved her.

-You still love her till today.

-But she interposed that cross between us. That damn cross!

-She did not interpose, my dear brother...

-Her mother's stigma. The cursed cross!

The cross of shame! The cross of curse! And she died holding that cross!

-And then you died too... You went to the spiritual world.

And did you meet her there?

-I met her eyes. I was afraid. I ran away and hid.

-You are hiding until this day. And look: there was no need to run away from her, who loves you, and you love her too...

-Who is this Christ who drives everyone crazy, who blinds all creatures?

He asks, raising his voice.

-They go crazy! Everyone becomes crazy! All of them! Human sacrifices, pyres, holocausts! They surrender; they give themselves. It's crazy!

-It takes a lot of conviction, doesn't it, to do something like that.

-Ruth was also a madwoman.

-Or was it you who didn't want to follow her?

-Crazy! Crazy! You had to see those crazy faces! They seemed to be in paradise at the time of the sacrifice... They could only be crazy... Those eyes! That attitude, that madness before the blood that flowed and the pain they didn't feel! She took the poison, held the cross, and died smiling...

-What a beautiful faith and conviction!

-I love you, Dad! (He has a violent crying crisis and repeats, in crying:) "I love you, Daddy!"

-Forgive me, my brother. It was necessary to awaken this in you so that you remember again that you are a human being. Do not be desperate!

-This Christ who took everything from me! "I love you, Dad!"

-Christ has given her the conviction to tell you she loved you, that she loves you to this day. He didn't take anything from you. She wanted you to go also with her. Following Christ too.

-For a moment, I thought she would turn into a goddess and climb to Olympus, anywhere. A goddess!

-But you're not running away from her anymore, are you? If you met her today, what would you do? Suppose you found her now!

-Who am I?

-You're her father. You didn't stop being her father, and she didn't stop being your daughter. Would you like to be with her again?

-Me... a famous member of the court... Handsome, young, fearless... Who ran all the races... I'm not prepared. I would have to give it all, and I can't: what I am, what I fought...

-No, my dear brother. You have to renounce your disappointments. We are nothing before the One who loved us and keeps doing it.

The example that your daughter left is still valid today. Did you see the courage she faced death without hatred? On the contrary: she left a message of love. Don't you think that's enough resignation? Why don't you learn her lesson? She renounced life with a smile on her lips.

-She never rebelled. She was a faithful slave. She was a servant in my home, my own daughter!

-What was her name?

-Don't make me say. No, please.

-It would be good for you. It's in your heart. She needs to hear her name given by you.

-It would be a sacrilege.

-She needs to know that you love her. By the way, she knows it, but she wants to hear it from you. Say: "My daughter, come here!"

-What power do you have?

-I have no power, my dear. We have no power but the one who comes from God.

- ...That knocks over a rock ...

-You didn't fall; you are getting up today.

-What power do you have? Who are you?

-We are one of those humbler workers who try to rescue companions like you, lost in illusions, in disillusionment, fleeing, blind... From what? From ghosts. Seeking positions because they are afraid to walk along to the brothers who suffer? You suffer too, my brother. That's enough! Today you start a new life. We entrust your Spirit, at this moment, to the one who one day was your daughter; and she didn't forget you with her love. Go with her. Go in peace, and may God bless you. Be confident. You may count on us in whatever is possible to serve you.

-I can't... I'm confused!

-Now you understand the whole situation, and why you were running away. You don't need to run away anymore. You were fleeing from your own daughter! Why?

-Because I killed her! (Pause) What have I just said? I lost everything. Or do I think I don't need anything? It is an illusion...

-I also think it is an illusion. Now reality begins. And you will rebuild your life, your hopes, your loves. There will be no lack of support and resources. Trust in God. Trust in Jesus, whom until now you had not understood. Accept him on behalf of your daughter.

- Jesus... What does he mean to me? He means the Cross, means thorns, gall.

-No. It means consolation for those thorns, for that gall you will have to endure now due to your own mistakes. He made no mistakes... He only wants to help.

-I have a daughter!

-It's true. And she has a father...

-She is beautiful, very beautiful! Almost a girl... My God! How can pride blind a man!...

That's the story. I don't feel encouraged to add one more word out of respect for that two-thousand-year-old pain.

3
"LA DAMA DEL VESTIDO ROJO"

That is a woman's story. She served as a contact point, seduction and persuasion, skillfully maneuvered by intelligent leaders of the shadows.

Hidden in the folds of the past, a painful drama which, little by little, unfolds before us.

We take the dialogue from the point where the memory regression starts.

She has just complained again about the "injustice" she would have suffered, which she needed to revenge. The indoctrinator tells her:

-I just want to remind you, repeating it once more: you didn't suffer it innocently.

-Suffered what? What did I suffer?

-Oh! You did not suffer anything?

-What I suffered was envy. Is envy something I had to suffer? Envy of others? Envy, envy...

-Were you very pretty?

-Not was: I am. Do people envy the ugly?

(Note the reader in the present tense: I am beautiful. The Spirit has the distant image of himself.)

-And did you have a position? Were you powerful?

-I was an artist.

-Oh! That explains his talent for exposing your ideas and convictions. Was it in Italy?

-No, it was not.

-Spain?

-Seville.

At this exact point she plunged into the past and she begins to talk enthusiastically.

-Seville... Seville... Well, long live Seville! (She claps his fingers imitating the sound of castanets). My life! My dance! My dance; it was all for me. "La dama del vestido rojo". That's how they called me. And with a rosa (pronounced with a Castilian accent as if it were "rossa") here (shows it in the hair) I danced.

-And what happened?

-Can't you see how beautiful my hair is? Do you see? It is beautiful! It is part of my dance.

-What happened? Tell me.

-Don Ramon. . . Don Ramón, who was the richest man. I danced for him. He was going to marry me and give me a whole village. A village! So that I danced just for him. He had a beautiful stage at his house so I could dance alone

for him and his guests.

-And?

-Hence the envy.

-Was it slander?

-No. It wasn't a slur; it was a cup.

-That you drank?

-And... that I drank

The indoctrinator penalizes himself for, sometimes, in his eagerness to unravel the plot, leading the reluctant Spirit, he hastily anticipates

conclusions that are not always true, as we have just seen: he imagined that she had been a victim of a slander and she was not. It was a case of poisoning. Again the indoctrinator rushed, assuming that she drank the cup. This time it was true.

-You died, then. And that?

-And that.

-Well, my dear. We are sorry for this occurrence.

-Are you sorry? For love, I already killed a bride.

I can tell the story now, because now it doesn't touch me anymore. (She speaks with a strong accent, interspersing words in Castilian).

Don Ramon had a "novia", who was of high family, but Don Ramón liked me. "Don Ramón me gusta." Don Ramón liked me, and broke off the engagement. One day, she invited me to visit her house. And I went.

"La novia de Don Ramón" had a beautiful carriage, two black horses. I went. She was treacherous. She gave me a glass...

It doesn't touch me anymore.

There she ended an existence full of hopes, joys, dreams.

Her sole purpose for years and years was to find Don Ramon's fiancée to take revenge.

The indoctrinator tries to dissuade her, trying to get her to a more distant past; when she would have created the matrices of her frustrations. She emphatically refuses, and ends by saying that she found, after all, Don Ramón's former bride.

-I found her there, inside a spiritist center; now contrite... Good girl, speaking of karma...

-And do you want revenge?

-First, I want to help her to be an artist, so she feels pleasure. But then, when she fell... When I gave her the first disappointment... Instead of her getting... That's what annoyed me... Someone came close to her and gave her a book, this Gospel (According to Spiritism). Do you know what I did? She broke her leg the way she never got it cured. Today, she limps, and an artist cannot limp. She pulls her leg. It's almost inconspicuous, but I know she pulls.

-Are you satisfied with that?

-Yes, but I wished more.

-But, daughter, excuse me... Just a moment, dear. Let's go back in time to see why that happened to you.

-There's nothing to go behind. You will stop right here.

-Let us see the reason for all of this?

-No reason. The reason lies in envy!

Every beautiful woman has a share of envy about her. If I showed myself here, I guarantee that these women who are here... These ladies would be jealous. If they just saw how beautiful I am!

The indoctrinator insists on the magnetization and continues, inducing the memory regression.

A few seconds pass in silence, until she starts to dive into the memories.

As the images of her past emerge in revival of her intimate dramas. At one point, she says:

-What's that? What do you think? You are setting up all a scene there for me...

Is it a scenario? Why are all these women in white? What is the reason for all of this? These women dressed in white...

-Are you there too?

-Yes, I am. I read people's fortunes. In the smoke.

-And what did you read to the girl?

-I didn't read anything to the girl.

-What happened, then, among those women in white? Trust us.

-Yes, you are right. I read a smoke to the girl. What do you want me to say? If I read something to one person, I can't say it to another.

-I want you to tell the truth.

-It's her secret.

-You don't have to tell me the secret. Just say what you did.

-If I say what I did, I'll tell her secret.

-I see. So what happened? I respect your discretion. I will not ask you to speak, to reveal here the secret. I only want you to say, please, what happened.

-She wanted to know why her betrothed didn't come to see her. He had not come for one month. So I lit the tripod and put the essences. You know what it is. And I inhaled the smoke. Then I saw. I saw a house, it looked like a moor, something like this. There was a girl there, very pretty. And there, I saw her fiancé, courting the girl. I said to her...

-What did you say?

-I said what I was seeing.

-Was that all, then? No. It was not.

-And she left. Then she came back. She brought a bag of money for me. Gold. I think it was a... (She hesitates) She wanted me to give her a potion. I gave it. I gave!

-You didn't give it. You sold it.

-I gave it, and she sent it in an amphora of wine to the girl.

-And did she take it?

-She must have taken...

-Must have...

-She must have taken, because then she got married.

-And the other girl?

-The other girl... Oh...! It was a pretty strong poison.

-So, she died...

-And without leaving a trace. It was the blue death. Do you know? It makes the heart mix the blood...

-Or rather, you killed her with (poisoned) wine, --Didn't you?

-I did not! Of course, not. I just gave it to her.

-So, when she came into existence in Spain, later, you think that God has given you the right to revenge. And now you want revenge again?

-No. It wasn't me who took revenge; she was the one who gave me the drink.

-I know. But what about when you gave it to her?

-I did not give it! (She screams)

-How not? Didn't you prepare it? You could have refused.

-But everybody did it!

-So it's justified... You have no responsibility...?

-But you live in a world where, if you want to survive, you...

-Kill! Break the leg! Is it not that? That's how it is, isn't it? Delude. Is it that, my daughter? Please, my dear. It's about time...

-Am I wrong?! She asks in astonishment.

-I think so, but it's up to you to decide. It's not me who will decide for you. My opinion is this.

-And my girlish dreams? And my secret desires? It's all over in a glass of wine...

-But don't you notice that hers also ended up in a glass of wine?

Isn't it time to stop this story of killing each other? Hey, my dear?!

-Do you know what my boss told me? I think he's right. He said that my highest value is that I have a coldness... That I don't feel the emotions.

-You felt...

-I don't feel emotions. You see. I do not feel.

-Not really? Don't you regret anything?

-I made of my heart a watch.

-But how do you hate her?

-Hate is not emotion.

-Oh! I see... What is it, then?

-It's a cold hate. It's a right I think I have.

-I know... That you think you have... And do you intend to kill that girl too? Keep killing, then?

-Me, killing? I have never killed anyone. My hands that care for roses cannot kill.

-They shouldn't have killed.

-I have never killed!

-My daughter, listen to me. I'm not accusing you or saying that you made an irreparable mistake. The error actually existed, but it is not irreparable. But, for God's sake, don't go on making mistakes. You will never leave this vicious circle if it continues like this. Have you seen what happened in Spain when you missed the opportunity to marry that friend of yours? It was because previously you had frustrated, with death, in the same conditions, another girl who also had her dreams.

-It was not me. It was the rival who killed her. I did not.

-My dear, be honest with yourself. Accept your responsibility. We are here in a moment of truth, trying to help you, but you must convince yourself of your responsibilities for your actions. How is it that you supply a poison to someone who asked for it to kill another person, and you have no fault? Is it true that the companion to whom you gave this poison also has her responsibility, but you could have talked to her, saying: "My daughter, don't do that?" Isn't it? Suppose she had really been your daughter, a relative, a mother...

-I've been told that. They told me... And that's why they took my powers away (mediumistic). I had many powers.

-My daughter, what you had were not powers. They were mediumistic resources. You had the ability to communicate with spirits, but this was not meant to oppress and kill. It's to do good. The resources were removed, so you don't make mistakes anymore. It will reach the point where you will need to come back here, to the flesh, and use your mediumship for good works, to heal, console, love. No

more to hate. Do you want to do this for us? This is the request I make to you here, as a brother, as a friend. Do you agree?

Long silence. She hears, meditating. And then, she comments:

-I've lost faith in men.

-Daughter, you have contributed to this, haven't you? Don't you accept me as a human being, as a brother?

-I'll tell you something. I have met so many people who have not asked me to give potions now, but to "manage it". People remain the same. Within your own Doctrine (she means within certain circles that call themselves spiritist), I have met people who ask me to "make it work".

-Well, my daughter. It means that you also remain the same, don't you? You have also failed to free yourself from your deceptions. Who will "manage it" in your life if not yourself? By accepting your responsibilities, seeking to correct yourself. We are here extending a hand to you. We don't want your humiliation, nor that you...

-I'll tell you something. I have worked for some time. I was doing initiation here, in a place that you call... (She mentions nominally one of the satellite cities of Rio de Janeiro, which, for obvious reasons, cannot be identified here). I was doing an initiation there; in a group. But there I was a "Grandma", as they called me. And I have helped... I helped a lot of people to... With their loves.

-Yes, daughter. So help yourself. You have your loves too.

-But that wasn't good, what I did? People went! It does not matter. He is married. I don't want to know, I like him. So I ordered some clothes. There I made bad magnets. You don't know these things...

-I do. My dear, meanwhile, your Spirit is stopped, you are accumulating... (debts).

She interrupts to talk about her new job: Now I'm doing a much better work!

-You are not, my dear. You are doing the same thing, committing the same mistakes, deceiving the same people.

-But if people ask you for things... People are asking you!

-So, if they ask you to kill, you give the poison and say: "Look! It can kill!" Is this how we do it?

-Doesn't the Gospel say: "Ask and it will be given to you"?

-I see. Death, pain, suffering?

-I have never understood quite well this Gospel that tells you to do one thing, and when you do, it criticizes and says you're wrong. (She changes her voice, already on the brink of crying).

-Daughter, Christ didn't ask to kill.

- "Ask and it will be given to you"! (She screams) Then they come, ask and you don't give?

-Did he order you to kill, to distribute poison?

-I didn't kill anyone.

-Yes, my daughter. Let us take responsibility for our acts, please. That is not about accusing anyone; it's to show you must assume your responsibilities to rescue them. The law demands. You know that, my dear.

-How many people went there and I said it was a reunion of the past. It was another reincarnation. So, that explained why she might want that man, or that man want that woman. They always liked much the past. Knowing about the past to justify things.

-Did you really love Don Ramón, or it was just because he offered you power?

-I liked Don Ramón. I really liked him. He was good. He loved me. He loved my beauty, my dancing.

-But did he love you as a human being?

-He loved me, he loved what I was. He loved everything good I had. (By this time, she was already crying). And I was good. I just wanted to dance...

-Yes, daughter. I understand. There was no malice in your heart.

-Dancing the *Sevillanas*... So beautiful! Long live Seville!

She says, crying all the time.

-Listen! And didn't you find Don Ramón in the spiritual world?

-I didn't find Don Ramón because I got so much hate that when I took that cup... Suddenly... I didn't understand why I had died, but I had not died. And then, when I saw her, she was laughing in my face, saying "He is now my *novio*." So I ran at her throat and squeezed it, but I didn't manage to kill that woman because my hands went over her throat! (She continues crying). I tried to poison the other cup, but I couldn't hold things. I didn't understand, and I saw that body that was me, there on the floor... With my black mantilla, so pretty! And the rose in my hair... I was young and beautiful. And I never left her then. And she wasn't happy with D. Ramón, for I didn't leave her. I made her go crazy, crazy...

-And are you happy about that? Of course not.

-That was a long time ago. And it didn't assuage my sadness.

-So it is, and it will never subside, my dear. And that's not how you will reach D. Ramón. It is not through the ways of hate.

-She had a son by Don Ramón, who I drowned (She cries incessantly). It was the only thing that made me feel sorry afterwards. After this I left there, because he suffered so much! I have always loved D. Ramón! And I made him suffer because I had killed his son... That day I left his house. I left.

-And the child? Did you find it? Where is that child today? Do you know?

-I do not know. I was so mad, because if Don Ramón knew, he would hate me. I'm so unhappy! I have always been unhappy, alone... I have

never had anybody else after that Seville. I have always felt sorry for that child I... I caused to drown.

-My daughter. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your so thrilled confession. Your pain... We respect it with all our affection. But, please stop a little bit now. Let's think about all these sad things that happened so we can correct them.

-Will God one day let me have that boy as my son?

-Of course; of course He will. That's right. You can count on it, but it is necessary that you, in turn, give conditions for it to occur, isn't it true, my dear?

-But men are so mean... Everyone is so mean!

-Yes, my daughter, but the evil is in us, not in God. Are all the creatures bad? They are not. There are many good people. You recognize that Don Ramón was a good man.

-Don Ramón was good, he was very good.

-Probably, you will still have the opportunity to be his wife, and who knows? Have that child back, and also the other girl you sacrificed and reconcile all this in one family. Who knows? But it is necessary that you be ready for it.

It will not be easy. It won't be overnight, by a magic pass...

-I've been looking for Don Ramón all this time but I never find him.

-Of course, my dear. You're looking in the wrong ways; you are not looking where he is.

-But which is the right way? What is it?

-The path is that of love, not the one of hate. How can you approach him and say:

"I am here!"

-But I don't know where he is!

-I know, daughter. But, will you go to him and say, "I have killed your son"?

-He is no longer in Seville. There is no one else in Seville. Seville is so changed!

-I know, my dear. But he is an immortal spirit, like you. How long is it? Do you remember the century? What year was that? How old were you when you died?

-I was 18 years old. I was a child...

- When were you born?

- Me? (Break). I don't know...

- You do not know. But there's plenty of time, isn't there?

-Yes. I see number fifteen.

-Century? It doesn't matter. The truth is that it has been a long time ago, and all these centuries, this time, you continued to hate, continued to chase people, blaming them for your own mistakes. I don't mean they are all innocent. That girl also has her faults, but you have aggravated yours by trying to eliminate her life. We are immortal spirits. We answer for our mistakes. Please, now try to understand all this. Let these beautiful emotions of true love you bring in your spirit show you the way.

-I have a number in my head: one, five, eight, six.

-1586. That's right. Eighteen years old, therefore, you would be in 1604, already in the

beginning of the seventeenth century. So, it was more than three hundred years ago. Do you see how much time you have wasted hating? Now, my daughter, try to recover this time by loving. Really loving. A superior love...

-But I'm so alone! Everyone exploits me.

-I have nobody. I have lost them all... I have lost everyone; I'm alone!...

-You are not alone; you are with us. Don't you know us for a long time?

-I'm not with you; I'm alone.

-You will be with us now. Do you want to be with us?

-I'd like to see my mother!

-What was your mother's name?

-Angelita.

"Angelita!" What a beautiful name! Who knows, maybe she's been waiting for you all this time, trying to communicate with you? Was she a good mother?

-Yes, she was...

-Did she know how to pray? Did she take you to church when you were little? My darling, she continues to love you too. She's probably waiting for you. Do you want to remain with us, then? You are not obliged to stay. You are free if you want to leave, but we would like you to stay, at least for a while.

-And what am I going to do with my life?

-Here's what you'll do: now you will rest, then we will talk. You'll probably have a chance to be with your mother.

-Why this weird Doctrine that everyone talks about but no one takes it so seriously?

Why don't they do it?

-Yes, my dear. Here, we do and try to help...

The little we can do, we do. And we offer you

our affection, our heart, and understanding of your pain. You won't be disrespected here, nor hurt or mistreated. Have patience...

-I wish I had a garden to take care of my roses...

-You will have your garden and the opportunity to be with your mother. Let's ask her to receive your spirit so you can have a little peace.

Then we'll talk again. Is it ok? You forgive me, my dear, for the pains we had to bring to light in your spirit so you could open your heart a little and know that you keep loving. That you have love in your heart. For your mother, for that mate, for that child. But you will also have to learn to love the one you so harshly harmed. Isn't it? Accepting her as your sister too. It won't be difficult because you know how to love. You were still a child, and the shock was too great, the pain was too bitter, and it misguided you. But accept your responsibility. Do you agree?

-I'm feeling my heart a little warm. It has been long I haven't felt it. (The voluntary anesthesia of the heart in coldness, which is an escape).

-Go with our companions here. I appreciate your having trusted us.

-But won't they arrest me?

-Of course not. You are free to go whenever you want. What we propose now is that you have some rest.

-But now that everyone knows, won't they lock me up in a cell?

(This threat was probably used by her masters, to keep the poor girl under control in shadow tasks.)

-No, my daughter. You have been arrested in your conscience for more than three hundred years. Now, you must start working to rescue yourself from these pains. You trust us, don't you?

-I do.

-God bless you. Stay with us, then. Go with these friends.

-“They” will say I have failed. But I was so tired...

-I know. Today you had a gesture of courage, of willingness to fight. I know you are a valiant spirit, a sensitive and intelligent woman. You will understand all this very well, and you will accept the new situation.

-I wasn't so angry with her anymore, no. Because after she stayed...

...That she took that book, prayed and asked forgiveness from anyone she had offended... Every day, every day... I no longer had that urge to... I had already regretted what I did to her leg... Will you help me? You seem such a good Dad!

-My dear, you are a child who has made some mistakes. Now, let's start redoing it all. We will help you. You will not lack affection, and the understanding of spirits much better than me.

-You, forgive me. Tell them to forgive me. I said so much nonsense.

-We forgive, my dear. Don't worry about that. Now go in peace, and let's ask our dear Angelita to meet you at the spiritual world.

She corrects the pronunciation, repeating her mother's name with perfect Castilian intonation:

-Angelita...

-God bless you! Go!

THE WINE

We see, in this series, that the disembodied brothers brought to the mediumship group always fall into one of the five or six usual categories, although retaining a determinate personal color. That of this narrative is of the authoritarian genre. Aggressive, used to commanding rather than obeying.

He adds that he was very irritated with the group's interference in his team, for, in his opinion, we were 'coaching' their workers. In fact, some of his more direct assistants had already been with us and decided not to return to the community where they served the hidden purposes of the principals.

He came, therefore, not "to answer questions, but to ask them."

He complains about our "annoying prayers", because along the whole week, we kept "connected" to them by the vibrations of prayer and fraternal love.

At his authoritative opinion, because he was also (he said) a magnetizer and knew the secrets of the mind, such prayers were "dangerous hypnotic inductions", which, unfortunately, influenced his helpers due to frailty of their minds.

You know very well," he said, "that we have to work with weaker minds, otherwise they don't obey.

Should the indoctrinator try, however, to magnetize him, to see if he could! Never!

Then he had his defenses, and knew the tricks and technique employed.

From that harsher tone, he later changed to a more calmed down, proposing a kind of non-interference pact. He thought the field of work was wide enough for everyone: we would go on with our activities, naturally modified, in order not to create them difficulties, and they would go on with theirs.

Although it is not wise for us to enter here in his permeated philosophy of work, we can say that he was also one of those who rather go directly to God, without the Piety of "subsidiary" doctrines like the one of Christ, for example.

If we could reach "divine science" itself, why wasting time on shortcuts? Moreover, the Spirit that he maliciously insisted on labeling, with obvious impropriety, of "Kardecism" ~ had the grave defect of arising guilt complexes, which only served to hinder the march evolution from the being to God. The error would be a mere instrument of learning.

"I have made a mistake, yes — the man would say — but I keep going on."

He understood that the Spiritist, trapped by the notion of karma, stood still, rescuing his pretense blame.

On the other hand, it was not necessary for the spirits to come to the sessions of disobsession to be indoctrinated.

It was also a backwardness, an already overcome technique, which should be promptly abandoned.

He spoke for a long time, admitting, with difficulty, here and there, the interference and the patient indoctrinator's contestation.

He was a little calmer, but still very aware of his authority, importance, intellectual level and he was very self-assured.

He returned to the participation offers.

We would make a plan of mutual assistance and cooperation, satisfactory to both groups, for, he insisted, there was room for everyone. "They" were messengers of divine truth and naturally accepted what, in the context of the doctrine of Jesus, was in accordance with what he called "divine science".

When we asked him what was not according to divine science within the evangelical teachings, he did not know how to respond with the same vivacity and brightness.

From this point, and after the usual prayer, he began to feel the magnetic induction.

His reaction is prompt and energetic, as he knows that if he gives in even a little bit, he would no longer know what awaited him.

- Stop it! I'm not a child! Would you please act like a man does? I don't want you to treat me like that! It is disrespectful. I'm a person of position. (By this time, he is already giving in). What a weird taste in my mouth! What did you put in my mouth? What a strange taste!... What are you trying to prove with this? That you are strong? A good magnetizer? This I already know... Your viscous fluids... This taste in my mouth... What does it taste? It's weird... A bad taste. Kind of sweet. It's making me sick. It's something liquid...

But that taste should be in another cup, not mine! It is in another cup that this strange, sweet taste is.

-Oh! Yes. It was an exchange of glasses, then, wasn't it?

-I don't know... I don't know what you're talking about!

-I am just supposing. So, there was a cup prepared for someone, wasn't it? Is it true? And you ended up taking it, didn't you?

-That I ended up nothing, boy! Nothing happened. You already want to induce me things. You won't command my mind, no.

Not really!

-Who is with you? It must be one of your relatives: your mother, your sister...

-What a strange taste! Go on! Aren't you leading me on? Do you want to see the rest? You remain there, inducing me, making me create mental pictures when I have nothing here, in front of me. Nobody. What are you trying to do? Mystifying? Is it? You are trying to create a frame there and want me to say things?

-My brother! You know. I cannot create anything for you. What is in your spirit, I can't change it, my dear friend.

-There's nothing in my spirit. It is just this taste in my mouth.

-There's a scene, too. Is it a room?

-What scene!... Stop it! What a pain here in the neck...What's that? Take it away.

Get that chain out of here. It is bothering me. Can't you pull that chain? This chain here that I'm talking about. What chain is that? It must be that chain that's tightening around my neck.

-Are you alone there? Where is it? Is it in your palace, in your residence?

-What palace! Oh, my neck... Oh, it's suffocating me...

There! Oh! yes, it's that collar... this collar. . of this mantle. It is very in up. Well, I've asked them doing this with the collar a little lower, but they do that with this pipe coming up here. The heat is bothering me.

The indoctrinator talks to him patiently, trying to encourage him to tell the story; when he tells him that he is his friend, he replies:

-What friend! Nothing! I don't have friends here. I have nothing to show nor to speak here. You are mistaken. What poison! It's a liquor...

Whoever takes this will sleep peacefully.

Of course, I didn't take it...

-And why the taste, then?

-I don't know. I didn't take it. A glass.

It's a friend who will get there. He will arrive by that door over there. He'll go in there. That is a small room where I receive people. He will come in there. And we will have some good wine to celebrate. But he doesn't know. "That place" has to be mine. No one will occupy it. He simply has to be removed. (Long pause full of hesitations). And... so... The bastard changed the cup without my noticing! (Then he screams with indignation) And now he's laughing in my face! Can't you hear his laugh? As I squirm here, he laughs! Look how he laughs! Damn! See how he laughs? Do you see him laughing? I, am over there, I am dying. He doesn't know things will not be left as they stand! I will chase him. I've been chasing him my whole life. And now I know where he is. But,

for a little different revenge, I'm letting him go up, I am making him climb, go up, go up...

He wants to go up... He wants to be important! When he is there on the top... I'm not the one who's going to knock him down, no, my friend. No. It will be you here, those of you who are around him. They'll say he's crazy. He will fall, fall...throne?

-Yes, but didn't you want to eliminate him?

-I had good reasons.

-I know. What are these just reasons? Did you want the throne?

-"That place" was supposed to be mine.

-Where was that throne?

-Where else? Where were there so many thrones?

When the indoctrinator says the keyword, he shudders:

-In the Vatican? Then, would you like to be the successor of our Pedro? Ruling in the name of Jesus? Couldn't you do that this time? Do you think that brother is the one to blame?

-He's cursed. Damn, him!

-And could you manage it the other time?

-What don't you do? I wanted to get it that time!

-And do you think you were prepared to be Jesus' representative on Earth?

Sure... sure...

-But eliminating a mate through poison?

-Of course! Everything was possible. Didn't he eliminate me with poison? And so he had eliminated others; as I had already killed others. The poison was the great secret.

-Yes... Fighting for a soul's shepherd position...

-You, with the poison, solved all the problems.

-Did it solve it? Why didn't it solve yours, my brother? Later.

-It also solved mine because I got my revenge.

-It all in the name of Jesus?

-All in the name of I don't know what...

-Is it so we should dispute the positions we have to occupy?

-Yes, my friend... You know too little of men to speak like this. You would also use the poison if you had been there that time. If you were given occasion and reasons, you would use the poison. The power... Power was everything. Only the mighty had a place in the sun!

-Doesn't conscience matter?

-No. Conscience is bought. Conscience... You confess, you...

-Who forgives?

-Yourself.

-So there's no need to go towards God...

-God is in us; we are in God...

-So, you have the power to forgive yourself?

-Forgiveness is the absence of guilt. I couldn't feel guilty about someone who murdered me. His guilt neutralized mine.

-Then, you owe nothing before Our Father's laws?

-No. On the contrary: he owes me. He took my life. Only God can take life.

-I know. You, then, were God to want to take his life?

-What's that? You are distorting things.

-My brother, you took the divine position and decided to take his life from him. Then he switched the glasses...

-That's a rotten man's den over there... All who are there. Search their sheets. None of them is better than me. Everyone has crimes in their consciences... And yet, they are there.

-Listen, but then, so do you. And you don't need divine mercy too?

-God has already forgiven me because God does not condemn. I have no feelings of guilt. I don't.

-Do you think then that you didn't make a mistake?

-But how? If I was the victim... He killed me and still laughed; while I wriggled there, he laughed.

-Inside the Church, supposedly of Christ?

-Inside the Church, in a private room I had.

-Were you a Cardinal?

-I was the rightful one.

-Let us now go back to look for other reasons for this. I wish you to discover it in your depths — because it is kept inside — why you have abandoned the doctrine of Jesus. Why don't you accept it? That is an isolated episode that does not clarify your position.

-I have nothing against Jesus.

The indoctrinator insists with some energy on regression, on the desire to go to the roots of the problem; otherwise the companion would leave without even be duly convinced of the imperative need to reformulate his false positions.

In a few moments, he falls back into the context of another incarnation and begins the report:

I make wines. Of the best... (The wine again...) All haughty people come to drink at my house, because I have the best wine. I am a rich man. And I have Raquel, who is beautiful. She is my dream. She is the light of this House.

-Is she your daughter?

-Yes. And she is betrothed to a nobleman. I will make the best wines...

-And what happened to Rachel?

-Raquel? She went crazy!

It was an old man, who drove her crazy and promised to a richer noble. It would give power to my house.

-And did she follow Christ?

-Christ? She followed the madness! She dropped everything, buttoned up a sandal, gave all of hers and went to live among the filthy rich, caring for lepers and sick. I don't have a daughter anymore! I never had a daughter...

-And you never saw Rachel again?

-Raquel? Who is Rachel? Rachel was a dream! I lost everything. Her fiancé did not forgive me. He razed my house. It all for one nightmare, a madness! It's all running... running... (He gets extremely distressed and complains of a desperate dizziness). And then... This old, tired out... Raquel... Crazy!

(Then in a louder voice again)

I need to heal Rachel! I sent her some wine; one that would heal her forever, forever...

(Cries of despair, impotence, anguish. The indoctrinator redoubles his attention to him, treating him with emotional tenderness. The dam of his afflictions is at last untied in turmoil.)

I have to heal her! My daughter! She was my dream, my joy! She is sick. She's a crazy! I sent the wine that was going to cure her...

-And her fiancé, you found him later, didn't you?

-Yes...

-And Rachel? Have you never seen her again? Let's review these lives that followed this one.

- Have you ever had a beautiful daughter?

- I can imagine, my brother. And pure. Dedicated to the service of others.

What is wrong with her loving Christ and seeking to follow his doctrine,

healing the sick, abandoning riches?

-It's crazy! Every harvest season, I made her queen of the vineyard. I crowned her with grapes, and she wore a beautiful dress.

It was all white, and with a crown of grapes.

What a divine madness!

- But, after she went crazy, as you say...

- I cured her. I set her free. I sent her some wine.

- Then you killed her... She drank...

- No. I freed her from madness.

- Don't run away from words, my son. You killed her. But the Spirit survives. You know that. Didn't you find her later, in the spiritual world?

- Rachel? Rachel is an angel.

- What if she came here?

- Rachel is an angel. She is in Abraham's bosom. She can't come down here.

- She did not abandon you or stop loving you, just as you did not stop loving her. Would you like to see her?

- Rachel? Who is Rachel? Everything is so far away; everything is running away! I'm far away... far away... the bridge... the bridge. I'm there, so far away...

I can't get through! The bridge... I can't!

The indoctrinator gives him a last word of consolation, encouragement and hope.

Then he is taken away.

There it is. In all its fantastic precision, the mechanism of the divine laws and the disastrous results we reap when we try to cheat them.

The old wine merchant "freed" his beloved Rachel from the "madness" of having opted for Christ. Centuries and centuries later, in high positions within the ecclesiastical hierarchy, supposedly at the service of Jesus, he planned to eliminate a rival, a competitor, who threatened to snatch the so-called "Throne of St. Peter" from him.

The other one, Machiavellian, maneuvers the cups, and the one who dies, under the rival's laughter, is Rachel's father. Again, the poison in the wine and, far, far, far away, behind all those horrors, the serene image of Jesus.

The crime in the small intimate chamber brought about centuries of mutual persecution.

Was it the prelate who nimbly exchanged the glasses, the same fiancé who ruined him because of Rachel's loss? We have the impression that he confirmed this, but we cannot be sure.

However, it is clear that the Spirit had found his former rival once more in the flesh.

He was carrying out a patient work of revenge by helping promote him in order to set him very high and then watch him fall spectacularly. And so, the vicious circle of follies would continue to open up into the future...

SEARCHING FOR LYDIA

Here is another dynamic and intelligent fellow, entirely devoted to the inglorious task of fighting unrelentingly the doctrine of Jesus and neutralizing, deviating, or conquering, with a refined technique of involvement against incarnate workers acting in the spiritist field.

Excellent debater, owner of great experience in dealing with men and philosophical and theological knowledge, he debated at length with the indoctrinator about his ideas, seeking first his adherence, then his neutrality, and finally, declaring him open hostility; with the usual crop of threats. This first part of the dialogue is ignored here for obvious reasons of natural reserve. It was necessary, though, to search his profound reasons for the antagonism to Christ.

In the process of regression using magnetism, it was difficult to reach the best induction condition, for he was also familiar with the techniques employed and previously warned about the conscious resistance that he had to oppose. Thus, it demanded a prolonged effort from our Spiritual Benefactors and the magnetizer.

Nevertheless, when he reached the first stage of the regressive process, he fell back into a more recent existence ~ we suppose that it was in the 19th century ~ in France, where he lived a painful family episode, but that did not seem to be ~ as it was not ~ the cause of his problem with Jesus.

As a matter of fact, this occurrence was another stumbling block on his journey back to the past, which he had to travel to get to the roots of his greatest maladjustment. We let him narrate the fact and proceeded with the regression.

Again he dwells on a more or less relevant episode, in a life in Naples, Italy, where he seems to have occupied a position of some relevance in the Church, fascinated by the riches of a powerful religious-political organization.

Nonetheless, the most painful and dense core of his madness, was still not there.

The regression continued until we got there...

Let's look first at the tragedy experienced by this poor tormented brother, in Lisieux, France, in the 19th century. The dialog is reproduced from the point at which some names start coming into his consciousness. He still tries to react, and finally, he gives in to the inexorable course of the memories, however painful they may be.

~ It's no use. It's no use putting names in my mind. Names mean nothing.

~ What are these names?

~ It's no use. You're ridiculous. (And after a pause:) Lisieux...

~ What are you doing there?

~ I'm looking for Annette. She's my daughter. Annette...

~ What happened to her? Why are you looking for her? How old is she?

~ Fifteen.

As always, the first moments of the regression are difficult. The Spirit is still reluctant; it hesitates and resists. It tries to flee from the memories, answering that it doesn't know or remember.

The indoctrinator must be patient, tactfully insisting in finding new answers to critical questions.

Little by little, though, the story begins to unfold.

- What happened to Annette? Why did she leave you? Did she go to a convent?

- Yes.

- Why? You didn't want her to go, did you?

- No.

- Why not? Are you not catholic?

- No. I don't believe in priests; I don't believe in anything. I only believe in money. Money can buy...

- What season are you in? What year?

- I don't know.

- How can you not know? If you say she's fifteen... When was she born? So you don't know when your daughter was born?

- Annette needs to get married. I've found her a husband. Some rich one. I must save my honor. I need to replenish some money.

- What did you do then that this money is missing? Did you take it from someone?

- I did. I need her to get married. Otherwise, there will be shame and dishonor, and I will lose my goods.

The indoctrinator takes him a little further ahead, in time, in order to verify what happened.

The Spirit begins to tell the story easier:

- I sought out Annette. She cannot make decisions alone. She is a minor. I forced her to marry.

(The confession is, of course, pretty painful and comes out slowly, with difficulty. Little by little, with enormous hardship.)

She was beautiful! She didn't want it because she loved another creature. A poor man! I don't want to see this! Do you see how beautiful she is? There's a lace on her wedding dress that I ordered from Paris. She has a crown that the groom gave her to put on her head and hold her hair up.

Beautiful! Beautiful! And I lead her, proud, but who could have predicted?

It was a girl. She hid a dagger, and when everyone was happy and when they were going to celebrate (the wedding ritual), she buried it deep in her chest. How beautiful she was!

- And you felt her death very much, didn't you? And you saw that the money was no longer important.

- I felt like the murderer.

- And how did this existence end for you? A few years later?

- I... It was all useless. I went to my superior and confessed my crime. I confessed my disgrace, and he forgave me all my debt. I went home, covered with remorse. Everywhere I saw her. Sometimes I saw her beautiful, all white. I saw her beautiful, with her white stained with red. I couldn't stand it. I rebelled against everything and killed myself.

- Look, my son. I perfectly understand this drama; so painful...

- If it is true that there was a God, a Jesus, He could not have allowed such a tragedy. Where was He who did not hold her hand at that moment?

Where was He?

- Listen to something.

Pay attention; all attention. Let's go further back now. Into the past to find the reasons for your religious problem. Why this fight against God and Christ?

The indoctrinator meekly insists on the induction, patiently leading him to his forgotten memories.

At a certain point, he has a startle. We stopped there.

~ Where are you at the moment?

~ Where am I? Where am I?

By force of magnetism, he finds himself outside of time. In search of himself and his temporal and geographical location. Finally, he says

~ Napoli...

He is a prelate. The instructor feels that the real nucleus is not yet there, but it is convenient to let him speak, to know the reasons why he stopped at that "point."

~ I see some gold ~ he says. All this gold fascinates me. These churches are full of gold... And the faithful bring me... It's all confusing... confusing...

~ Yes, my dear man. Forgive me, but that is not yet the problem you face. "It's further back." Let's get it, please.

The regression in time continues, as he complains that he is confused.

A long pause follows. He groans and seems hesitant to plunge into the depths of his intimate drama.

~ Get me out of here! ~ he says. Get me out of this mess. I can't think. You're putting terrible pressure on my mind. My mind has been prepared to resist.

The indoctrinator treats him with gentle firmness. Encouraging him to go ahead while he insists that he has no problems. At last, the story begins to emerge:

- Where is Lydia? he asks. Lydia!

- Why are you looking for Lydia?

- She is my wife.

- Yes, but what happened to her?

- She's sick.

- Did she go out?

- They went to take her somewhere. (And in an energetic voice:) But I didn't allow it! How could she leave without my permission? Why? They are all dirty pigs. Mystics. If she went to the Synagogue to be purified, she would also have cured herself. She had to purify herself.

- I understand. So Christ healed your Lydia...

- Yes, she was impure. Do you know what an impure woman is?

(Hemorrhage) Months and months impure. Nothing could cure her, but she did not want to go to the temple to purify herself. She should have gone.

- Yes, my dear. I get it. But how did Lydia get cured?

- She went there. I don't know where, with an unknown charlatan.

- I see. And what happened?

- Well, well. He cured her.

- And how was the healing?

- She said He looked at her. How was this healing? I don't know.

- How did He do it? Did He touch her?

- I don't know. I didn't want to know.

- What is certain is that she was healed. Did she touch His garments?

- She was healed. It's possible. She is so mystical. She was cured of one evil but was stricken with another. She was cured of a physical ailment, but was seized by madness. Her spirit was taken, imprisoned. He imprisoned her spirit.

- What did you do?

- I went to the temple, and spoke about it. Then, they said she should sacrifice four doves, cover herself for seven days and pronounce her vows in this temple. She did not want it. Then they told me... Do you know how you take away a demon? With a whip. I did it. I can still see the welts on her body...

- And did you cast out those demons?

- No. I beat her. She and my daughter were all I had. But I was not cruel to her; I wanted to free her from the spell of that crazed Nazarene, who had taken possession of her spirit. It was Him who had imprisoned her spirit. But, it didn't stay there. I beat her to drive out the demon, and she didn't even cry out a single scream. And our daughter saw me, knelt, and asked through all the prophets of the Law that I forgive her mother. I loved them very much!

- You didn't love them; you still love them. They have not ceased to exist.

- But I made a terrible mistake, because I forgave her. I didn't cast out the demons. I did not expel the demons. I didn't finish it.

(That is, answering the daughter's appeal; he did not finish the expulsion of the "demons" which, in his view, was a terrible mistake.)

- And do you know what happened? She went away with them; with those people. One day, when I returned home, I found everything

empty. No wife, no daughter, no home. And they took nothing with them! Only the clothes of the body. They left the dresses, the jewelry, and the sandals. I went back to the temple and spoke to the priests, and they put out scouts (he cries), but we didn't find them. And that terrible day came, when everything suddenly went dark (the crucifixion). I didn't understand anything.

- And did you understand later the greatness of that Spirit who was there beside you?

- He stole my daughter. He drove my wife mad. The King of Israel would not die on an ignominious cross, crowned with thorns. The King of Israel would not dismantle my home.

- He did not come to dispute thrones. And He didn't do it. Why didn't you go with them, then?

- I owe allegiance to the Law (of Moses).

- And what happened to Lydia afterwards, in the spiritual world, where you all gathered after life in the flesh was over? Did you see her again?

- Lydia? I saw her once, very far away. She was beautiful! And I asked if she had recovered her spirit, cast out the demons. She answered that the demons had stayed at home: they were the evil, ignorance, jewelry, dresses...

- That's right, my dear. So many centuries of suffering, far away from those whom you loved, for a matter of vanity? Pride? Or, as she said, of ignorance?

- I called her to come back to me. She told me that I had to get up first. (And in a loud and forceful voice:) And I stood up. And it did no good...

- But she didn't mean to stand up in positions among men. She said you should stand up spiritually. She didn't ask you to conquer thrones.

- If she loved me, she would not have gone to "Him."
- She didn't stop loving you because she also loved Him. Is that why you hate Him?
- He stole so many women, destroyed so many homes! He made so many people love him. What did He have?
- He didn't; He still does today.
- What did He have, that He could snatch away like that?
- Good. Let's stop here, then. Now you must understand that it is time to stop suffering these illusions, the estrangement from those who love you and are waiting for you.

Abandon these ideas that He has stolen, betrayed, or torn your home apart. Think that He drew to Him, Spirits who were ready to receive His message while you were not, and you continue to refuse His message of love.

- I fought against them all. I joined the Temple army, which pursued them, and helped them do it; I saw many people stoned in the public square.

- And did it satisfy your pride, your vanity? Did it ease your pain? On the contrary, it drove you further and further away from those beings whom you seek even today.

- Now that you tell me this, sometimes, when I whipped one of them, it seemed I was whipping Lydia. And I still don't have her. It's all so useless, in a life like this...

- Would you like to meet her again?

- Lydia is an angel! She was dressed in a shiny dress! And crowned with a strange light...

- And you? What do you intend to do now?

~ Now? Now... I don't know. You took me away... You did it like a farmer who prunes a tree. You took away all the branches, the fruit, cut me all down, left me a bare, empty trunk.

~ Yes, my dear. Pruning is necessary, so that the tree can produce new leaves and fruits. The ones you bore were bitter of disappointments, afflictions, illusions. Now it is a new life, a new experience, new starting point for you. Stay with us. Come with our companions.

~ And all that I have done until today? My work...

~ Your work has been inglorious; of lies, hatreds. That is not how you'll get to Lydia, my dear. Not that way. It is not the way to God either. Not how we will find Christ again.

~ I never managed to strike Him. Now I recognize that. Strange, isn't it?

I feel like I've been punching the air!

~ But He has nothing against you. All these centuries, He has been waiting for you. Allow us now, at this moment...

~ Who was this strange Christ who attracted everyone? Who still attracts everyone?

~ You too. He attracts you. You also go with...

~ It is a force, like a center of gravity, which attracts everything to itself.

~ You too. Don't fear Him. He loves you as much as He loves me, as He loves all of us, as Lydia; but you have to make an effort to understand Him...

~ I am afraid to burn in His heavenly fire.

~ That will not happen. Be patient, be brave. There will be your Lydia and your daughter, too, so that you can start again on a new basis,

understanding better your own spirit, forgiving your own disillusion. Right? Do you agree? Do you want to do the experiment?

~ I am afraid. Some nights I have nightmares. I see a whip stuck to my hand. I do everything to loosen it, and I can't.

~ It is your conscience that calls for repair.

~ Sometimes, my own arm turns into a whip. And it is strange...

~ What do I do with this immense emptiness? I see no road ahead of me. What have I done? What have I done, my God? Where am I, God? Where am I going to?

Where? Who will receive me? Which door will I knock on? I don't have a friend. Where will I knock? (He cries).

~ Listen to me. You have friends. Those same fellows whom you didn't understand then, are here now to receive you. You have the door of Christ, the door of love. Come with us. Trust us. Be patient.

This moment is difficult, but later you will comprehend it all.

~ I am a beggar. Homeless, without a house, friends... It seems that I suddenly woke up from a nightmare where I have lost everything. I have nothing left.

~ This is not true. You have the friends you didn't understand at that time. You have Christ. You have your Lydia. Isn't it true?

~ Yes, but haven't I drawn divine wrath against myself?

~ No. God is a God of forgiveness. You must also forgive your own faults to transform this repentance into a constructive force, so as not to remain paralyzed for more than eighteen or nineteen centuries. Isn't that right?

~ I felt so clean, and yet look how I am! Look how I am: these dark scabs, these scales on my body... I am impure, I am unclean! Who will take the devil from me?

- There is no devil, my dear. The devil is our own anguish, mistakes...

Do you accept me as a friend? At least until

until you reach your other friends? Do you trust me?

- Yes, I need someone to help me. I am stunned, confused, alone...

- Not alone. You are not lonely. We are here with you. You will find other companions, and certainly our Lydia will also come to see you.

Oh my God! Help me...

Here we have the painful tragedy of a misunderstanding that gets worse, complicates, spreads, and stuns the spirit for the long space of almost two thousand years.

Very attached to the structures of Moses' Law, our dear fellow could not overcome his prejudices, if not to accept or follow the Christ, at least to tolerate that his wife, whom Jesus healed, loved Him and showed Him her gratitude by serving His cause. This is the first misunderstanding, which would be followed by many others. He thought that Jesus changed one disease for another, healing her from a physical ailment to make her mentally ill.

It was, in his opinion, a case of possession, and the method to expel the supposed demons was cruel beating, all according to the instructions issued by the priests of the time.

Though, he was moved by his daughter's appeal, which he considered a terrible mistake, once, by interrupting the barbaric ritual of flogging, he thought that the demons remained in her and ended up dragging her and her daughter into the community of those who were considered the outcasts of the time: the Christians!

He concluded, then, that Christ had stolen the two loved ones he loved most and, thus, had broken his home. From then on, all his forces were placed at the service of hatred and vengeance, in which he tried

vainly, through the following centuries, to reach that Nazarene whom he did not understand.

What did Christ have that made everyone love Him? When Lydia, in spirit, told him that their reunion would only be possible when he rose from the abyss of resentment, he understood, wrongly again, that she required him to become great. So, he went out in search of greatness in human terms; the foolish, ephemeral magnitude, which abundant money and positions of prominence provide. The temptation of power has tormented him ever since the gold of the Church, within which he began to work, or by using other people's money, as in Lisieux, France, where he sacrificed his fifteen-year-old daughter and ended up cutting the thread of his existence.

Back in the spiritual world, he returned, more tormented than ever and still farther from his true loves, to the nefarious task of fighting against Christ, the doctrine of Jesus, and His followers. Perhaps he dreamed madly of being as great as Jesus, so that his Lydia would accept him again.

One sees, then, in this storm of unleashed passions, the luminous thread of a love that persists and resists even the most terrible despair. Until one day, he awakens from a nightmare that has lasted millennia. He feels impure, beaten, abandoned, lost, confused, and dazed.

It is the moment of truth.

It is the moment we stop, contemplate the past, reorganize our thoughts and extend our gaze over the horizon; to where it is possible to scrutinize the time to come with the eyes of hope.

He can't see much yet, but his heart begins to realize that the future is Lydia, is Christ, God, peace...

6

THE BAPTISM

In this case, it is one of those fierce, aggressive spirits.

He talks loud, trying to prevent the indoctrinator from having an opportunity to say something. On the other hand, speaking continuously, he keeps himself in a state of escape, of alienation; he keeps revolving around his ideas and the tasks he tries to accomplish in the shadow of a powerful spiritual organization. Unfortunately for him, our mediumistic group entered his way and gradually took away some

outstanding workers. He states bluntly and with rude frankness that in his country (Spain), such matters were resolved with torture and burning.

He complains about our constant prayers that create certain protections around us. Why so much prayer?

Lack of trust "in the authorities", he says. Ridiculous! Besides, we are never alone: some spiritual companions accompany us; he calls them "babysitters", taking care of us.

In addition, our group uses the Gospel, in his opinion, to create guilt feelings, humiliate, and imprison people in the past already forgotten and overcome. If, for instance, we had met Paul of Tarsus, we would have paralyzed the great fighter, making him stuck on his failures. The same would have occurred to Magdalene, whose past, according to him, was not very recommendable. We would, thus, have blocked these two excellent workers if we had aroused in them a feeling of guilt for the past.

The Spirit alludes, of course, to the technique of memory regression that we use to place them in a realistic context and give them the jolt that awakens them from the torpor in which they live, committing senseless acts.

After much debating and contesting, with his characteristic vehemence, the indoctrinator's arguments, he begins to feel the effects of the magnetization, which causes him inexplicable discomfort.

Therefore, he repeatedly asks for the presence of a doctor.

We take the dialog at this point.

- A doctor... I need a doctor. Did you go to get a doctor? My mind... I'm numb... What is this? Don't do that. I'm afraid. My mind... Look how horrible! What did you do? Hypnosis... My head... I can't do it. I'm confused. I'm confused. Please! Where is my mind?

Finally, he calms down a bit as the indoctrinator speaks to him. He still complains that two companions have already been gone, and then he cannot leave "the front line." He has his work "there." A very relevant one.

He starts to become incoherent, disconnected from time, space, and consciousness of himself. The indoctrinator tries to take him to the past.

- Spain? What is Spain? The past? What is the past? I don't know that language.

At last, the story begins to emerge, still fragmented, pulled out, little by little, almost word by word.

- Algarves, he says. What's that? Algarves...

- What happened at Algarves? What is your name?

- Alfonso. (They rarely say their names) Dom Alfonso. Prelate.

(Long pause and then:) I don't know...The words ... I can't find ...

He still has initial difficulty articulating his thoughts

to convert it into words through the medium.

The instructor stimulates him and gives him some explanations.

- It rains. It rains a lot. I can't find words... Chapel... Alone. It rains.

-What are you doing?

-Liturgy. Preparing altar, baptism. It's raining...

-Whose baptism? Who is the child?

- Child...

- Is it a boy or a girl?

- I don't know...

- Don't you know? You are going to baptize it, and you don't know?

- It's raining a lot... I don't know... someone kneeling, crying. A woman...

- Do you know her?

- I don't know. It's Aleta. Confusing...

- Why is she crying?

- The baptism... She doesn't want to. Sacrilege...

- Why? Is the child not legitimate?

- Sacrilege.

- My dear, all children are legitimate before the Father. Whose child is this?

- Aleta's.

- Yes, but what about the father? Who is he? Do you know him? Is the child dead?

- Linda... Aleta. Purple. Passion. Church, chapel, purple...

- I got it. You had something to do with this child, didn't you? Is it your son?~

Aleta. He's a boy. In the water...

- Did she give him the poison?

- No. The baptism...

It is pretty hard to put in words all this terrible drama of conscience that he barely manages to schematize, overcoming secular

resistance. As you can see, he was a priest, seduced a young girl named Aleta, and killed the boy with the previously poisoned baptismal water.

- That's right, my dear. Do not despair. This situation is not pleasant to remember. It is always painful to admit our faults, but this does not force us to remain trapped in the world of pain.

We can retrace our steps.

- Aleta... Perjure. Danger. Aleta is a danger. Threat.

- Is she a threat to you?

- Yes. She threatens. Perjurer. Enemy of the Church. Christ... Sacrifice...

Honor of the Christ. Álvaro... Brother Aleta... Don Álvaro... Avenge Aleta.

- And what did Don Alvaro do? He answers softly:

- Enemy of the Church! Don Alvaro. "Don Álvaro is an enemy of the Iglesia..." Don Alvaro, enemy of Christ... I, Don Alfonso, prelate "de la Iglesia. Veinte años..." Don Alvaro. Aleta, "dieciocho", Threat to the the Church. It's raining.

When the indoctrinator tries to bring him back to the present moment, he says:

~ It's raining. It's raining. I can't go out. Don Alfonso. ... (The rain on the night he prepared the crime seems a fixation point, of anchorage for his tormented spirit in that regrettable past).

~ Don Alfonso D'Agueda. Let's go. Where?

~ Time passes. The life of Don Alfonso also ends.

~ Don Alfonso... Don Alvaro... Aleta... "El niño. ... Varón..."

~ Come now. Wake up!

~ Awake? Wake up? Sleepy... Wake up... Wake up... Dizzy head. .

As we can see, not only did he murder his son when he baptized him, but he also eliminated, by the then "legal" processes of Inquisition, the two living witnesses of his crazy gesture: Aleta, the child's mother, and Don Alvaro, her brother.

His first words after awakening from his regression were:

~ My work! My work of divulgation!

~ And where are Aleta and Don Alvaro?

~ Dead.

But he seems to fall back into tragic memories, floating between the present and past.

~ Aleta... "El nino... Bello nino!" My work...

Only a few moments later does he regain consciousness of the present moment. He sighs and says again in a firm and coherent voice:

~ This is a fantasy! It can only be a fantasy... Something you invented. You made it up! It's the trick of the Gospel. It's what

I said. You think you will tie me to guilt, don't you? (With still some accent). You won't. It has been over for so long. They must have had other lives, and they are happy somewhere.

- And you are happy?

- I am happy in my place. They are happy somewhere in space.

Anything, you know? They're there... What do you think you're getting at?

(Then, in a normal tone, as if seeking the opinion of the indoctrinator:)

I did not have the right, did I?

- I don't know, my dear. I'm not accusing you of anything.

- I had no right, that's right... (Shouts again). But you also had no right to mess with it!

- No, my dear man. It's your conscience that speaks. Not me. Listen to it.

- I had no right.

- What do you think? It's up to you. Not me.

- I had no right. I killed the three. No! No! I didn't kill all three: only one! "El niño..." The others, it was the Court, not me. I have nothing to do with it. Don't make me feel guilty!

- Nobody is making you feel guilty, my dear.

- I have nothing to do with it. I have the work of the Christ that I need to ... need to... (He seems to hesitate in his conclusion now that he confronts what he says with what he did). Christ said: "Don't kill! Do not bear false witness. Do not desire your neighbor's wife. Do not kill! Thou shalt not kill!"

(He quotes passages from the Decalogue, but one cannot say he does it wrongly, for Jesus declared several times that he did not come to destroy the law but to enforce it).

The indoctrinator takes advantage of the pause that follows to quote the thoughts of Jesus:

~ "You shall love your neighbor as yourself."

"My disciples shall be known by loving very much one another."

"Love one another..."

And he goes on, already in tears: "Whatever you do to any of these little ones..."

~ I ask you, my dear, that this pain you have been carrying for so long does not paralyze you in the tasks of disillusionment, lies, and insistence in error.

~ Aleta, where is she?

~ You don't need to stay there, where you are. There, you will never find your peace, your happiness.

The paths of spiritual realization sometimes have to pass through pain. They forgive you, but you have to stand before Christ with...

~ As a murderer? ~ he shouts. "Cain, where is your brother?"

~ Yes, but also as a person who wants to be regenerated, seeks forgiveness, and asks for a new chance.

Today you have got here an opportunity that He gives you. Not me. I have no power to do this, nor am I better than you, but you can be regenerated.

~ I am a Cain. Cain doesn't have a chance.

- How could he not? Judas had a chance. You quoted him at the beginning of our conversation. Didn't he redeem himself? How can you not? Why can't you?

Trust in Christ. Allow us to help you. Come with us. Rest, meditate, and wait for your opportunity.

- The ruse...the ruse...that you always use. It got me.

- Forgive me, brother. It was not to hurt nor to humiliate you. It was to help you. Your conscience got you. Not me. It is

your conscience that calls you to duty, to reality. Why would you lie to yourself?

- You got me... you got me!

- Stay with us, then. We accept you as you are, my brother because we are also imperfect. We also have faults to redeem, but let's not make our pains an instrument of the lie.

- I cannot rescue, I cannot go back... to the past. It's already past.

- We must walk toward the future and should not get stuck in the past. What have you accomplished in all these centuries? What did you do?

- What have I done? I have killed... burned... tortured...

That is what I did! I hated, betrayed, persecuted...

- Now, you are in a different frame of mind. You want to accomplish new tasks.

- Where, how, and when?

- Start today, now. Don't wait any longer.

~ I had a task. Sir! Sir! They took away my task... Sir., where am I? Sir!
I'm lost... Lord! I don't know the way... Lord!

At this point, the Spiritual Friends take him away to rest, meditate,
plan, suffer, and redeem himself one day.

Let us dedicate a fraternal thought of love for Don Alfonso and all
the spirits involved in this painful episode.

THERE WAS NO MIRACLE

The case of this fellow has some pretty special characteristics, as we shall see, starting with his previous connections with two of the components of our group. It is not, therefore, a conversation between strangers, nor does it bring, at first, that outburst of aggressiveness and irritation to which we are used, due to the very nature of our work, which interferes with their plans, contests their ideas, forces them to adapt and, above all, removes workers who perform critical tasks within the overall planning.

But not him. He arrived calm, reasonable, and only concerned with absolving himself of the guilt in "what had happened". The group had come under increased pressure from those who sought to intimidate and make us abandon the work.

He honestly said that he could not omit himself completely, which is understandable, for he was part of a group, and together they made the deliberations. I didn't know to what extent the companion we had brought in the previous week had revealed his participation in the scheme they had set up against us.

On the other hand, he had picked up what he named the "mental emissions" of the indoctrinator during the week; in his meditations.

In his opinion, the indoctrinator had come to very objective conclusions, identifying certain previous connections.

From his evasions and the difficulty in reporting his position in the case, the notorious scheme included some pressures on the medium due to the importance of her contribution to the group.

They knew very well that without her, they could practically neutralize our tasks.

We believe he asked his companions for an opportunity to negotiate before taking more drastic actions against us.

A positive sign, by the way, that evidenced in him undeniable affective capacity, decency, and loyalty, despite all his possible spiritual dissonances.

He recognized himself as such, evaluating his psychology with enough realism. He said he had faults but assured me he had always acted with chivalry.

"After all ~ he said ~ we are civilized.

The question, for him, was as follows:

Our work "was not well regarded. We could continue with the group, as long as we introduced modifications in our line of action. If the task that he had been with us achieved the success they expected, he would have certain compensations that were pretty valuable to him. However, pleasant memories of a past in which we were included, made him hesitate and retreat.

He was trying, therefore, to find a solution through understanding, through personal and friendly negotiation.

Without wishing to give us advice, he proposed the pure and simple abandonment of our task. He had much experience in life, and was of the opinion that certain sacrifices and renunciations do not pay. Back in the spiritual world, in the inevitable review of our acts, we would have to regret the time lost and be frustrated for not having "enjoyed life".

He let it be known that he admitted, as the instructor had told him, that he was "going around" to reach God, but what did it matter?

Aren't we all going to Him?

~ We are," said the instructor, "but why should we go through the swamps?

He then made a long digression about the Christ, trying to show that He had also been through the swamps, with his sufferings, his struggles, his disappointments and all the roughness of that existence of sufferings.

~ Some go through the swamps," he said, "others through the stars.

But what difference does it make?

Christ, in his opinion, had gone through the swamps, with which the indoctrinator could not agree.

The difficulties the Master faced among us were not a detour in his evolutionary roadmap, as the manifesting Spirit seemed to believe. Therefore, the instructor answered him:

~ The Christ, my dear, passes through the swamps, illuminates the mud and does not dirty his feet...

But he had several alternatives. We could, for example, replace our medium by another, for there were many in better condition and willing to serve the cause of love and truth.

In this tone, the discussion continued for about an hour. There was time for him to reveal himself with considerable clearness and frankness as an unexpected knowledge of the indoctrinator's psychology, although he saw him through some personal distortions.

In his opinion, the indoctrinator was exaggeratedly emotional, even rapturous, and pretty mystical in his clinging to the Gospel.

Not him. He was a Christian, of course, but not a mystic. He preached what he named "functional Christianity", or pragmatic. Totally devoid of mysticism. Christ, in his view, had been a man of action. He

had used love-energy to heal the unfortunate who asked him for help.

"Get up, take your mat, and walk," he had ordered the paralyzed man. "I do! Heal yourself", he said to the leper. That's the way to do it!

Our concept of karma was another enormity. No more getting stuck in the past, feeling guilty, inhibited, wasting time. It was necessary to energize karma.

The indoctrinator began there the task of taking him to regression. "Where was it, and how did you conclude that you had to energize your karma?"

The first memories that occur to him are still in a state of full consciousness, and he relates them naturally. It turns out that the indoctrinator knows a little of his personal history during the period when belonging to the nobility, he was a court member of an outstanding European kingdom.

(The reader will forgive certain reticence here, as it is necessary to preserve identities).

He got involved in complications there and ended up sacrificed in an execution that cut the thread of his earthly existence. He now says that he could have reacted differently to save his life and had the means to do so, but what happened, he means, what has passed is over.

From now on, we reproduce the dialog as in the tapes.

We first refer to the relationship between him and the medium at that time, which he says was "very good." Then the indoctrinator continues:

- Apart from that experience, where else did you meet her?

- I met her at another time that I do not remember. Interesting. She seemed to be... Now, when you are talking, a scene was projected to me.

.. Interesting... Yes, I must know her from there...

But she was very willful. She was always very obstinate.

- Where was it? From where?

- I don't know. From there, in some past there. Aren't you talking about the past? I have a great affection for her. She was my sister, whom I should protect. (Pause). Those things should stay where they are.

- But as long as they stay where they are, my dear, they will be that folding bed we don't want to pick up to walk on. That is your camp bed, one of them; that you have left in the past.

- No. You are overvaluing things. It's your emotional temperament. You have to be colder about things.

- What's that story again? She was your sister, daughter of the same father and mother? Where was that?

- Yeah, sister indeed. I don't know where it was. It must be a long time ago. I saw the picture, but I don't know. All I know is that it looks like I was the head of a group. I think it was my own family.

- Oh yes, you were the eldest son?

- I was. My father died, and she was a younger sister. I don't know what happened. That's not the point. It has nothing to do with it. What difference does it make?

- You're a brave, experienced man. You won't be afraid to remember something like that. It is good for your spirit.

- It's even a pleasant memory.

- And why can't you say it, then?

- I have nothing to say. I don't want to remember it, just as I don't want to remember other things. No, my friend. You won't go on, no.

- I mean, there's a problem there. That's one of the beds you didn't take. You are paralyzed there. Let's get another one further back.

- "Have you ever been an Arab in your life?" He asks suddenly.

- Probably.

- I think so.. (Pause). You, huh? So it was you, wasn't it? You...

You little sheik... Were you an Arab? Then it must have been you. It had to be you... It's better not to find out. You're too impressed with karma.

No, I can accept my mistakes, for I learned from Christ that when we assume our errors, we improve. So I am not afraid. You may speak.

- I have nothing to say, my dear. It had to be you.

- What did you do, then?

- Nothing. The past is buried.

We assume the former sheik took the young woman as his wife against his older brother's will, but we are left without the complete story.

The indoctrinator does not deem it convenient to press to know the fact that is not relevant in the context we are examining. We wish to know the profound reason for his aversion to Christ, although it is disguised as fidelity to the Master in the form of "functional Christianity."

He claims to be a Christian, and he is apparently convinced that he works for the dissemination of the truth. We know, however, that behind all this lurk terrible ghosts from the past that need to be

brought into the light of consciousness so that they can be seen as only ghosts. They must be seen face-to-face between the truth and our fantasies, illusions, and self-mystifications.

- Why do you remember the past, then?

- Nothing. You caused it! (And then): That makes no sense, my dear. It's just an invention in my head.

- Ah! It's not right that it should, isn't it?

- It doesn't. You may be the victim of a mystification. Do you know that?

- Of course, I do. From yourself? Are you mystifying yourself?

- A mystification of the environment, of your instrument? Any mind can engineer such a thing.

- Well. That episode has remained unresolved. It's still there inside you. So you have not dynamized this karma. Let's find another one. Further back.

He begins to yawn. It embarrasses him greatly, for it hurts the etiquette of the high society he once frequented.

- You are causing me discourtesy. Talking and yawning. That is horrible. A lack of good manners.

Although he says he has no past, he then declares:

- This hot sand keeps bothering my feet. A hot sand, very hot. What am I doing? I'm walking. I must be on time for evening prayers in the holy city (Mecca).

- And do you have someone with you?

- No. I am alone.

- Who are you?

-Who am I? Well, that's not important. Ali-Ben-Assuf...

.I need to say my prayers...

- Do you have brothers and sisters?

- I have a family.

- Is this the existence where you had our companion as a sister?

- I don't know.

- Why are you put in this situation? What is the fact of this life you want to know?

- Faith.

This answer is extremely revealing. The fundamental problem of this difficulty to believe; is to make religious faith the emotional component of existence, the evolutionary roadmap, the way of living with himself and his neighbor. We have seen how elegantly he argued earlier against what he called "mysticism". He wanted a pragmatic Christianity, functional. In his work, he looked more for reasoning, the calculated firmness of syllogisms and mental gymnastics, rather than an ethic for life.

In short, a process of escape, like any other.

This attitude came from a long way back, as we shall see below. In that existence, however, in the Arab world, he was given the opportunity of an experience with Islam, a religion conceived as an indisputable manifestation of submission to the will of God, and therefore structured on unquestionable faith. (Islam means submission).

We have seen his commitment and concern for time for the prayers in Mecca as he trudged through the scorching sands of the desert.

The Koran prescribes not only rules of worship but procedure, human relationships, and life, shortly. Allah is the supreme and only God,

and Muhammad, His prophet. In this context, our brother had the opportunity to incorporate faith into the structures of his thought and his spirit.

Let us proceed.

~ And did you not succeed? The Prophet was a man of faith. He made his mistakes, but he believed. Did you know him?

~ I am very happy... The Prophet? Yes, but I was young, rich, and handsome.

~ And what happened?

The memory is evidently pretty painful, for he mumbles and hesitates.

"Please," says the indoctrinator, "do not waste the opportunity of going into the past to find the reasons for your present escapes and why you are postponing your encounter with the truth."

~ No one should give himself up to faith because men are evil.

Another reason for escape and apology. Thus, we had to go further into his past to locate why he needed the experience of faith in the midst of Islam's blossoming.

~ In all those centuries since the passing of Christ, have you never been able to have faith?

~ Christ?

~ In Jesus' time, what did you do? Where were you? Who were you?

~ I needed a hero. The Christ was never a hero. He was a failure. I was a wine merchant.

~ Were you Jewish too? Roman?

~ No.

- What happened? Did you see him preaching? Did you go in search of his teachings?

- I don't know. Everything is so confusing...

- What happened there that you didn't believe in him?

- Because He was weak. He refused my son. He refused the offerings that my son brought.

- Offerings of what? Money?

- Money, prestige.

- And why did you order the offerings?

- Because we wanted a miracle. The vines that year didn't produce. A plague... and we wanted him to perform a miracle....

- And what did He say?

- He told my son something like leave the goods of the Earth, and seek the Lord's vineyard...

Anything like that. That was an offense! He was doing so many miracles! What did it cost to do that one? Filling the barrels....

- You just saw in Him a person who could give more - some money to you?~

- What else was He?

- You wanted, then, to buy a miracle...

- Why not? Everything was bought in Israel.

- And where were you from?

- Cyprus. Why didn't He go? What did it cost him?

- My dear, you wanted to buy him, didn't you?

- Some Nazarene....

~ You haven't learned your lesson, have you, my dear?

Until now, you hate him because he wouldn't fill your empty barrels with a "miracle."

Here is the story of a poor spirit in search of faith. He had the marvelous opportunity to be a contemporary of Jesus, although he was not born in Israel but in Cyprus.

And what did he ask of the Master? He had no material afflictions or physical ailments. He did not need to ask for his daughter or wife healing. He wanted nothing but that Jesus miraculously produced good wine for his barrels, annulling the effects of the crop, wiped out by the plague.

He believed, therefore, in his way, in the strength of Jesus, but he regrettably underestimated the Master's ethics and thought he could buy him, like so many things and people he was used to buying.

Jesus gave him back his son, the price of the bribe, and urged him to seek the s vineyard and not the one that the plagues consumed in an adverse year.

Instead of absorbing the lesson, he took it as a personal insult, a humiliation.

Was he, not a wealthy wine merchant? And who was that Nazarene, who refused him a service for which he was paying a high price?

If he had attended to him, Christ would be, in his opinion, a hero, and he thought he needed a hero to believe.

In almost twenty centuries, he had not yet understood that in the absurd hypothesis that Jesus accepted his offer and became a hero in his eyes, an eventual and transitory hero, he would not believe in him either.

"Who? That miserable Nazarene from whom I once bought a miracle?" – Surely, would he state.

The problem was not Christ but his position before Christ. That is why a whole centuries-old rosary of misguided and ignoble philosophies justifying an untenable position, which at least defended him before his troubled conscience.

He had tried other paths and failed every time. In recent times, (since when?) in the spiritual world, as a disincarnate, he engaged in the thankless task of joining the ranks of those who wish to erase Christ from the men's hearts.

He spoke in his name and preached doctrines which unfortunately, seem Christian to many people but bring terrible deformations and subtle poisons.

Failed in other endeavors, they wish once more to use the name of Christ to take possession of any slice of power within their greedy hands and ungoverned minds' reach.

Are they despicable beings, worthy only of holy horror or, at the most, of our compassion?

Absolutely.

They are brothers and sisters in a most distressing state of anguish, desperately hiding behind ruses, artifices, and half-truths, for they think they are not yet ready for a face-to-face encounter with their inner reality.

They are fleeing from themselves, and that is why the moment of truth is so dramatic and devastating when they are brought charitably and with the utmost respect to confront their cores of pain.

THE MASSACRE

That is one of those fearless Spirits, endowed with many talents and experience, unhappily, in the service of evil. He also had a code of honor and chivalry. His opening words were, however, of menace, for he said he would bring a remedy for our ills by extinguishing, as he intended, the mediumistic team.

He knew very well the terrible pressures we were under resulting from our daring impudence in trying to interfere with their plans and put his organization in check.

Shortly afterward, however, he confesses that as he regrets us, he regrets himself too, for he is living the despair of inaction and the humiliation of impotence. He directed and controlled everything.

He commanded the minds of incarnate and disincarnate beings as a trained and firm rider dominates his horse. At the simple impulse of his slightest desire, he made vibrate the brains he had under his power. He no longer felt the same firmness. His hands trembled and wavered, and his constitution was in rapid disintegration. He told us he could not believe his eyes as he wandered the abandoned corridors.

He had, therefore, decided to leave his high command for a while to go personally to "inspect the work in the field", i.e., the environment and conditions of that miserable, insolent little group that dared to disturb the progress of his work.

Thus, he was in despair. Important losses had occurred in his mission. The previous week had been irretrievable, for the group had managed to take an outstanding personage, whom they considered a

sort of "spiritual guide" of the Organization, if the expression is appropriate in this context.

Our visitor that evening had come "into the field" somewhat worried. He was now literally stunned after the "inspection." He was impressed by the passive resistance of our very modest work team members and our fearlessness, which he could only explain by attributing to us a high degree of irresponsibility or ignorance of the seriousness of our situation.

~ "Who are you?" he asked the indoctrinator. What monster of resistance are you? On what foundations do you stand?

As for him, he had just seen that all his work, which had seemed so prodigious to him, was mere sand castles, and this sand was now slipping through his fingers. What should he do about us at that point?

All possible offers had already been made to us. We had refused everything.

He was, thus, confused, bewildered, disarmed.

~ You have won me," he said, "with a simple excursion.

A little later, with his precise word, in the service of an agile and brilliant intelligence, he told us:

~ I have met souls with fewer problems and difficulties than you, who have accepted everything.

He was referring to the sinister pacts they made with incarnate and disincarnate people to obtain support, collaboration, or even neutrality.

It was all a vile exchange of petty interests.

In his long experience of negotiating adhesions, he confessed to us that he had refused very few people, for he had, still in his spirit,

remnants of decency, honesty, and kindness ~ factors always undesirable for his plans. They were all venal, unscrupulous.

Once faced with the harsh and loyal frankness of this miseries exposition, the indoctrinator offered him an explanation of the mystery which he could not understand, the only possible reason:

~ My dear man, it is simple: For us, Christ is not for sale.

And now that he had lost the one who, as he put it, had been "the soul of his work", he felt himself walking along a narrow plank at the end of which the unknown sea awaited him, where he, a condemned man, had to throw himself without a boat to sail in.

He had personally been with some of his companions in the enclosure to which they had been provisionally collected by our Spiritual Benefactors, to receive the first emergency treatment and rest for a short time.

He was perplexed by all he heard and their attitudes, including the ones of his precious advisor.

He then approached us incarnates. It was aimed mainly at the indoctrinator and the medium. He was struck by what he called the passivity and resignation of the latter. He had come to destroy her. The work of the group was his goal.

Here, he created an image to illustrate what was on his mind. He had imagined finding a wall of steel, which he would rudely strike with the full force of his clenched fist.

And he saw that the punch would go through the wall, as if nothing existed there. Worse, the strike momentum would carry him through too, and cause a shock that would knock him off balance.

In the face of his belligerent attitude, he did not see either the outline of a reaction or the fleeting sign of fear. How could one explain that

serenity, that total surrender? It would be like punching into the void!
And it was as if he had, because he had been shocked.

"It was," explained the teacher, "the resistance of one who yields because he loves, the one who trusts in him who illuminates our paths."

He had finally given up the planned aggression. They were manipulators of minds and not people given to violence. For tasks of this nature, they were forced to resort to rougher elements, like someone who in the physical plane, hires a professional hitman. Moreover ~ and this seemed to us the main reason for his retreat, he still had a remnant of manliness inside.

His code of honor would not allow him to assault a being given over to that passivity and resignation, as if helpless, and worse, a woman.

That fearlessness left him perplexed. He had lived through hours of ghostly inner silence. His mind had been emptied. He had no more plans, ideas, or anything to do but listen to the echo of his footsteps in solitude.

And suddenly, screaming and crying, the last fortifications of his valiant spirit collapsed.

~ Tell me about Jesus! Speak to me, you who are a man, to see if I understand! He spoke to me (referring to one of our Spiritual Friends), but it sounded like an angel speaking of another. I don't understand his language. Where is the way? And I spoke of Jesus through the mouth of so many!

Who is this mysterious being who gives me freedom but, at the same time, hinders me because He dominates me? I cannot get rid of him! Many are empty like me and do not know... They still don't know.

My conscience is on fire!

He confesses in this torrent that he has no way of stopping it. That he often seeks out drug addicts so that, together with them, he can forget his anguish, to have fleeting moments of artificial euphoria.

He claims to know of Christ only what he has studied, read, and learned from historical documents; he does not know him personally.

The indoctrinator suspects that this is not true, either because he does not want to say it or because that moment, he deliberately ignores him, given having swept into the secret unconscious terrifying memories of a past which he rejects.

This version seems the most likely ~ and it is the true one ~ as we shall see.

At this point, the regression of memory begins, irresistible. Let's follow the dialogue transcription as it appears on the tapes.

~ My head is full of visions... Dark visions. Terrible... That torment me. They are screams, pains. Frenzied screams. Despair.

~ And what is your role in this situation?

~ I sometimes feel like a hunter who would surprise a flock of innocent birds and slaughter them, all in one fell swoop, sacrificing them for nothing, once they were not even good enough for himself... (Referring to Christ).

A slaughter that did not profit anyone.

~ It is true. Those beings are still spreading their cries, their lamentations. When the pain is to regenerate, we have to accept it, but what about the pain which places us deeper in pain?

The Spirit cries and listens. The indoctrinator continues:

~ But you are not here, please, in confession, nor do we have the authority to submit you to any questionnaire, do you hear me, my dear?

Our idea, our purpose in this session is only to provide you with spiritual support, affection, and the human warmth that you need so that you can find your own way, for only you can find your way, as we only value those things we bring about ourselves. We do not impose anything on anyone here, least of all, on a spirit of your stature. Do you agree?

He laughs a little nervously and says:

- A spirit of my stature... How little you know about people...

- No, my son. I am being honest. I know you made a mistake because you recognize it. I don't need to tell you. And you made a grave mistake. You have made pretty serious mistakes, but the depth and gravity of your error stem largely from the resources at your disposal. You have misused the talents granted by divine mercy throughout all these lives, but you have to remember that the experience, the knowledge, and all these resources have remained in your spirit. With them, you can rebuild your life and the lives of those whom you have harmed. Is that true or not? So, when I say you are a spirit of wingspan, I am sincere, and you know this is true. But for God's sake, don't use those talents to corrupt again, as the main one corrupted is your spirit. You are the one who suffers most, who delays most his evolution.

Now, you have to do the work of regenerating your fallen fences and go to rescue those whom you have misled. But all this, my dear friend, can and will be done, for despite your incomprehension, Christ has not ceased to love, understand, nor accept you.

We don't need to say this because you know it. Be assured, however, that he is not interested in punishing, hurting, or making you suffer.

You already have enough suffering.

- I don't understand... Why so many sacrificed; so many had to be slaughtered so He would live, survive, so his word...

- But who was slaughtered? In Rome... All those killings?

- Not just there, long before that.

- All over the world, in the Inquisition, in the Middle Ages...

- It seems to me, sometimes, that He has always been cursed.

- Is that what it seems to you?

- Because his very birth was marked by the stain of the innocents' blood, who were sacrificed. How many innocents were killed?

- Do you want to shift the blame from men who failed to the Christ who came to redeem us all?

- But does He, who comes to redeem, to bring a message of peace, waters his path of blood?

- Did he water the path of blood? What does that look like?

- He left a trail behind. A trail of blood.

- Did he? No. Why did they leave this trail of blood behind him?

He didn't shed anyone's blood. He shed his own.

- I've been thrice struck.

What do you mean? Explain that. Let it all out.

- From its cursed birth. Oh, what terror! Why do these scenes appear to me with such clarity? Why can't we get rid of the past? Why do these images remain like torture inside us?

And we keep repeating... repeating... The same things, seeing the same scenes, suffering again, unspeakable torture!

~ It's not forever. It is until whenever you want. From now on, you can change this whole picture, but if you are still reasoning that Christ is the one who has spread the misfortune, misery, blood...

Of course, if there is a fight in which everyone is massacred, then, a peace messenger will be slaughtered too. But is He guilty of the fight? If He went there to calm the tempers!

You are his advocate, aren't you? You defend him.

~ No. He doesn't need a lawyer. He doesn't need my defense. I am defending you from yourself.

~ Have you ever calculated how many grief cases you've examined? Lawsuits of pain and anguish, at the expense of the Nazarene since his birth?

~ I am quite aware of it. Many lives I have spent doing that.

~ Innocents have been killed, massacred. Why? Why?

~ Because of him? Who ordered to kill the innocent?

~ It seems that in every incarnation I was born with some evil sign, a curse...

~ No, I don't think so.

~ ... A curse to make things happen.

~ I don't believe it, and you don't either, for you know very well that there is a law of cause and effect. The whole causal universe. Let's go back to our elementary philosophy. (The spirit is very well-versed in philosophy). If you were born with the matrices of pain, then it is because you created them before. Isn't that right?

~ Pain and guilt. And uncertainty. And all of this!

~ But let's go back a bit. You insist a lot on the killing of the innocent. Let's see. Why that? Why was the order given?

- He... always He. Why didn't He choose another city? Why didn't He choose other people? Why did it have to be our people cursed by his presence?

- No. The people were not cursed. He gave them the privilege, satisfaction, and honor of being born there. It is you who have not accepted it. Why? Why? Why did you have to mark his birth with a massacre?

- Oh, I can't remember! I can't remember.

- Was your role in this very important?

- Yes, of course. I was one of the victims. I had my own home hit.

- Did you lose a child?

Long pause, and then:

- Yeah... But this would be nothing. It is a compulsion that forces me to speak.

- It is good that you speak. Have confidence in us. We will not disrespect you because of this.

The story, after all, around which he has been making endless loops, begins to unfold.

- I was young and I was in (Herod's) palace. I had a young wife.

- Did you have any influence on the issuing of this order? In drawing up this plan?

- Alas for me!

- You did not expect it to hit your own home. It means that some kind of protective mechanism you had set up failed. Is that it? I don't know if I'm getting ahead of myself.

- There were four of us. No, there were twelve of us who discussed, approved, and devised it.

- We had one of your companions here a while ago.

- And on that bloody afternoon, when I returned home to the joys that should await me... My young wife, my first-born son, was growing up strong and beautiful. What do I find? Huh? What do I find?

A poor downed bird and a crazed mother, trying to stick that head on that neck. Can you imagine what that's like? She was trying to put that "body" together, wrapping it in cloths. I'll never forget her crazed eyes. There was not a shadow of pain. It was just a stupor, some incomprehension. And I had to watch her take those rolled-up clothes in her arms and put him in his crib. I had to watch that.

- What failed then? Would you have been home at that time?

- I don't know what failed.

- How had you planned for your child to escape?

- My home was to be respected. I don't know what failed.

- Did you notice what a strange coincidence: there were twelve who solved this massacre, and twelve would later be the messengers of peace?

The Spirit trembled violently and continued:

-... Trying to glue that head! So many times have I seen that scene... So many times! It's been driving me crazy.

- My dear, you told me there were three instances. What others were there? Go on, please. Put it all out.

- There, my friend, I was hit twice, on the wife and the child. She went crazy with pain.

- And you still think it was Christ who was responsible for this?

- After we separated her from the child, she was like another child, cradling clothes in her arms, day and night, day and night. Wrapping cloths in her arms, day and night, day and night...

He cries aloud:

- Day and night, my God! Now tell me if I can understand this Christ who strikes a heart like that!

- Do you mean that it was He who struck? Did He have your son killed? Your son?

- He and his damned sect. I finally came to meet him later. Much later. Not him, but his damned sect! In Rome. What else could I do there? (In Palestine). I went back to my parents with a mad wife.

- Were you then a Roman citizen?

- I was. (Pause) We went to Rome. The wife was always crazy, but happy in her madness because she did not accept reality. And we decided to adopt a little boy, to give her her son again.

- Was it a boy?

- Yes. And that one, later on, my friend... (The outline of a sad smile) The irony of fate?

- Did he become a Christian? Is that it?

- Yes. (Long pause, then deliberately) And I killed him myself!

- And again, Christ was to blame...

- I am tired... I am really tired. I loved him very much. I made him my son.

- Until what age did he live?

- Until the age a young man can decide for himself what to do.

- Listen: this is a long time ago. So you have had the opportunity through all these centuries to meet them in other lives.

- I guess I have lived all these centuries looking for Christ to behead him.

Blood for blood. And drive his mother mad.

- But what about your son... your children, those two? And your wife? Have you never met them again? In any of those other subsequent lives?

- I don't know. I don't think so.

- You never heard from them? Neither of the wife nor the two children?

- I don't know... I'm afraid to remember this. I took part in another killing, trying to find a rebellious Christian...

- What was that like?

- Ah! You know...

A long time later, in France (Was it the slaughter of the Huguenots in the 16th century?).

- And did you succeed in your purpose? You kept on killing, didn't you?

- I think He's always eluded me...

- Him who?

- The Christ. He kept piling guilt on my head.

- Ah! Yes. So the responsibility is all his, isn't it? All your crimes, the people you killed...

- Yes, but sometimes I think He must not be that.

- Sometimes you think that...

- Yes, because...

Or else, they're all crazy, for so many people have let themselves be killed and still do. They don't revolt. Why not fight to live too, instead of letting themselves be killed?

- But what is living? The Spirit always lives.

- What is the mystery? (He thinks of those who give their lives for Christ).

Long pause. Then:

- In recent times, I seem to have heard her voice. As if she is calling me from afar. As if no time had passed. I still hear her song lulling our son.

- What was her name?

- Why add to the pain? The memory vibrates like a stab in my heart.

- That's right, my dear. So far, you have not taken responsibility for her absence. That is why it continues to hurt. Without taking responsibility, you cannot correct it. We are bound by Our Father's law. You have committed faults. We all have made mistakes, serious ones, like that. But there comes a day when we feel tired, as you say. The tiredness is not of that moment, and it is not physical. It is a tiredness of suffering, hopelessness, a pain that has no end. You must now face the pain that rescues, the pain that releases... Mustn't you?

- And now I have been caught in the meshes of this net.

- No. You have not been caught. You are still free to go your own way. You can continue to do your crazy things. However, in my opinion, as a brother and companion, that is not what suits you.

- How can I dive into this sea if I can't see the bottom? (He thinks of the terrible difficulty of redeeming so many serious commitments).

- Yes, you can't see, but some can see for you and will help you. Shall we pray, or not?

- Yes, pray, pray as much as you wish.

The indoctrinator prays. The spirit resumes the narrative.

- I haven't cried for a long time. You took everything away from me! Please don't let me go so empty. Give me something. (He refers to the interruption of the task he had been carrying out in the shadows, from which we managed to get him away).

- You say I took it away. First of all, I wouldn't have the strength, the condition to take something from you. I am also a spirit full of faults; I am not better than you, nor superior to you.

- I wish to have hope. Give me hope!

- Of course, you do. Of course, you will continue to fight. And you know that there are pretty deep ties between us, for engaged as you were in an inglorious task, all our affection, desire to serve, awaken your spirit to other realities, was concentrated for a time in a way that made it seem we were adversaries. None of that is true. We are friends, brothers, companions in faults, in mistakes. Stay with us. We'll give you that little we have.

- And what about all that I have lost?

- You have lost nothing. You have lost despair, disillusionment, falsehood, rancor, and hatred of yourself and all the world beings, including Christ. You have gained, and you recover at this moment, the love of him whom, in your hatred, you abandoned. You have won; you have not lost. Follow us, so you can rest and begin to remake your life.

- Ah! I was in Germany, but not among those who embraced the new cause. I was among those who prepared the reaction. (He now refers to the period of the Protestant Reformation, during which the

indoctrinator had lived an existence of participation alongside the Reformers. So the instructor says:)

- That doesn't make us enemies, does it? On the contrary. Christ has granted us the satisfaction and privilege of coming to you to bring to your heart our message of affection and respect, both I, who was also in that context, and the higher companion you know. We also owe this joy to him, which we all owe to Christ.

- A singular thing, I can tell you. I was never drawn to fight the so-called Catholics. I found so little conviction in their midst, and I often took shelter among them to fight the fever... It was the fever of the Reformation, the fever of everything. I think it reminded me of the fanaticism of the first Christians.

You still can't detach yourself from the hatred of the early Christians.

- Were you in the Church of Rome or politics?

- In politics; but I somehow supported it indirectly (the Church).

Familiar with the history of the Stormy period, the instructor identifies the Spirit, who was one of the powerful nobles of the Reformation time.

He tells him his name quietly, and it is as if he received a violent electric shock.

The indoctrinator returns:

- My dear friend, please don't worry, everything is fine. You see, we are friends. After everything that happened, there is something behind it, so we were been granted this opportunity to reach out to you and bring you back to our hearts. Thank you very much for the courage you have shown here in this confession, so painful, so difficult. It is high time to start rebuilding.

- I need someone to tear my hands off so that I don't strike anymore and don't kill anymore. No more.

- No. You will not kill anymore. You will have the joy of being with your children again, with your wife...

- Cut off my hands! Cut off my feet so I no longer move in error.

- Listen to me! No one will cut off your hands here. That's not up to us to decide. You will have to wait for the planning to be done. At the moment, you are not in a position to decide anything definite about your future. Now is not the time. It is time to stop to think and rest. Later on, you will have all this planning carefully designed so your trials and pains are measured according to your resistance conditions.

- Oh, my God, how painful is the odyssey of men!

- It is true. (Pause) You will not lack the courage to jump into this sea, as you say. Struggles await you indeed. Many pains and afflictions, but you will have the strength to overcome them, for every pain will be metered out, and every trial will be planned according to your resources. And you will have, as the affection and understanding of Christ, the presence of your loved ones too. The work is tough, but you can do it.

- Someone has put a basket here in front of me, an empty basket. What shall I fill it with, my God?

- My dear brother. Forgive me. It is not our intention to hurt you or to harm you, but it was necessary to awaken your spirit to those realities from which you were running away. If it were possible to achieve this without making you suffer, we would have done it, but you know this is impossible. We do not have that power.

- He was saying (Referring to one of the Spirits who guide and support the mediumistic work) that I asked you to take something. So, let me take that basket. It is empty, but I can start filling it.

The spirit cries softly.

~ There you have a starting point for your hope in the work that awaits you, in what you will have to accomplish. Take courage. Trust in God and ask Him, whom you have not understood until now, to help you comprehend Him.

He understands you, accepts you; He has not refused you. Never. He has not rejected you ever. Follow the path of peace. God bless you! We raise our prayers to Jesus to give you the strength you need at this so critical moment of your evolutionary trajectory. May you always have the strength to fight and overcome the drag of the ills we all carry in us. Go in peace, my dear. May God bless you.

And, finally, the farewell in two words, in which he put all his tenderness and gratitude:

~ My friend!

We devote our most profound respect in the face of the pain of this distressing awakening. In the painful story of this companion, we will find the echo of our own mistakes and the agonies of many disappointments.

He was very young; he was present in Palestine and, unfortunately for him, enjoyed certain privileges at the court of Herod who, as we know, got on well with the Romans. As part of a group of twelve, he helped to devise the regrettable and sinister scheme of the massacre which history has recorded as "the slaughter of the innocents." Herod, who had madly ordered the murder of his own sons, whose rivalry he feared, did not hesitate to authorize the slaughter. Since they did not know the mysterious child destined to be the Messiah, the solution was to eliminate all the boys born during the last year. One of them would be the dreaded leader that misinterpreted prophecies seemed to configure as the King of Israel, liberator from Roman oppression and, thus, candidate to the throne of Herod the Great. There were few

who, at that time, knew that the kingdom of that child was not of this world.

Once the fatal order was issued, our companion went quietly to his home, to the gentle joys of family life with his young wife and beloved son.

Something went wrong, tragically wrong, for in the rush of the killing, no one thought to spare that child. It is possible that not even him, for he did not take care to protect his home. Perhaps he did not even remember, as he feverishly contributed his share to the sinister plan, that he had a child of precisely that age.

His wife alienated herself from reality to withstand the blow, but he was condemned to remain lucid to live through the tragedy he had helped to trigger.

Lucid, perhaps, is not the right word, for he was also somehow alienated.. In the irrationality of his despair, he needed to find a culprit, and he thought he would find one in Christ himself.

For Jesus to live, he had to kill ruthlessly the innocent. For him to grow up and preach his word, countless young mothers had to go mad with grief. It was, therefore, Christ's fault and not his.

He returned to Rome with his estranged wife and, to console himself for the loss, he adopted a boy, whom he killed with his own hands, when he discovered one day that the young boy also had joined that accursed Christian sect. He must have been, by this time, an aged and embittered patrician. His life had ended in grudges and unresolved revolts.

From then on, in the spiritual world and here in the flesh, in successive lives, his whole endeavor, his fixed idea, was to persecute and kill as many Christians as possible, in the illusory and terrible expectation that

Jesus himself would be among those sacrificed. He wanted to slit his throat and drive his mother mad.

If he could not kill him he would at least destroy his followers.

Many were the lost opportunities, many the disappointments, and the rancor always growing.

Jesus, in his view, is always guilty of everything.

Let us note, however, that in all this very painful process of alienation, love was present.

In his way, mixed with hatred, with the desire for impossible revenge, he continued to love his wife and children, although increasingly estranged from them by his follies.

During the Protestant Reformation, in the 16th century, he had a lot of political, social, economic, and religious power. He was of the Germanic high nobility and once again persecuted Christians because they were heretics. He allied himself with the Church to oppress Protestants, i.e., he used Christians to persecute Christians.

As for the task he was performing in the spiritual world when he approached us, we must keep quiet. Just one thing to note: it was precisely the group of spirits who suffered his relentless pressures during the Reformation who had the privilege of helping him. He fought them tenaciously as long as he could; he surrendered, loyally and nobly, when the time came.

He was received with love and respect.

NOTE ON "THE MASSACRE"

The manifesting Spirit must have been very young indeed when he stationed by the duty of office in Palestine. He speaks of his young wife and first-born son, who would not have been more than a year

old, if that; otherwise, he would not have been butchered in the slaughter, which aimed at male children in that age group. We think this fellow would have been about twenty-six or twenty-seven years old, at most twenty-eight, or even less.

He says that as he returned to Rome, he went to his parent's house.

Thus, at sixty, or a little more, there could already be Christians in Rome.

After preaching for about thirty years, Paul was sacrificed in the capital of the Empire around the end of 64 or the beginning of 65, as can be seen from Emmanuel's attentive reading. According to the Encyclopedia Britannica, Acts suggests the summer of 62 as the last historical reference to the Apostle to the Gentiles.

It should be noted, however, that Acts 28:30 implies that Paul still lived in Rome for two years before his execution, which Emmanuel confirms.

All of this leads us to conclude that Christianity arrived in Rome soon after the crucifixion of Jesus and some rarefied echoes even during his life in Palestine, for He sent everywhere the well-known group of seventy. It is probable that the word of the Christ reached Rome even before he departed for the spiritual world.

It is not surprising, therefore, that already in the year 35 or 36, there were Christian nuclei in Rome in a position to influence and obtain the conversion of even the highest society. By this time, our companion would have been, at the most, sixty-three or sixty-four years old, which would have been a perfectly acceptable age for the time. Augustus died at seventy-seven and Tiberius (murdered) at seventy-nine. A word about the Tetrarch. The term was originally used to designate one who ruled the fourth part of a province, as did Philip of Macedon, Alexander's father, with Thessaly, and as was Galatia before the Roman conquest in 169 BC. In Palestine, lords who

were known by the name of tetrarchs were the feudal lords below the ethnarchs.

Tetrarch was, thus, a prince of lesser rank. Herod the Great ~ the one of the slaughter ~ was a tetrarch before becoming king. Two of Herod's sons would also become tetrarchs later, after the death of their father: Herod Antipas, who took Galilee, and Philip, who took Iturea and Trachonitis. The eldest son, Archelaus, was not a tetrarch, but an ethnarch of Judea, Samaria, and Idumea.

Herod Agrippa reunited the tetrarchies, ruling them from the year 41 to 44. The Tetrarch to whom our companion refers is therefore Herod the Great.

MY SISTER'S HANDS

The initial presentation of this Spirit did not vary much from the common ones. The same irritation, threats, arrogance, and truculence we used to see in our long dealings with our dear spirits, alienated by anguish. What was different about him was some martial apparatus, with which he tried to intimidate us right from the start. He came in the company of orders (when he joined, he ordered his helmet to be passed to him immediately). He then spoke of his many decorations and insignias, all earned by acts of exceptional bravery in his arduous "career" as a leader of the shadows, tenaciously applied to the task of manipulating incarnate and disincarnate people entrusted with the task of disintegrating Jesus ' Work.

Once his high relevance and position in the Umbral hierarchy were established, he wanted to know about the credentials of the indoctrinator. He examined him

attentively, pretending to be pretty surprised that he did not bear any decoration or something like that. Given his position and since he had no time to waste, he wanted to know immediately with whom he should talk, for the poor instructor did not have the minimum conditions of "status" to speak to him. The instructor confirmed his insignificance; though, as there was no one else, he proposed that he talked to himself.

~ Don't you talk to your soldiers? ~ the instructor asked.

~ No. I give orders to soldiers.

~ Then give me your orders, was the reply.

~ The first order is this: Just listen; don't talk!

In this tone, he continued his conversation with the proud and powerful chief, used to being obeyed and never challenged. He had only deigned to visit the mediumistic group because of the time urgency. He had come to discuss the terms of a three or four weeks truce, a sufficient period, in his opinion, to implement a plan they were concluding. The group did not have to stop its activities; it should only undertake not to interfere with "them."

In the quaint language of the impertinent "general," we would turn off the power of our fences, allowing the chain of our fences, and their workers to have free transit there. There would be party-to-party respect. Our work could continue, taking care of different things, such as the interesting phenomena's production, in which "they" were ready to cooperate with the highest goodwill. In the same conciliatory tone, while retaining the arrogant nuance of his personality, he proposed to solve the material and personal problems of our very modest team members.

The answer to these offers had to be, emphatically, yes or no. And quickly, because time was short and he had more to do. He was an objective person. He liked to ask objective questions and only accepted equally objective answers.

Taking advantage of the "cue" the indoctrinator asked him at close range, without any preparation or expectation:

- Do you love Christ?

We felt he suffered the first impact but soon recovered from the momentary bewilderment. Of course, he did not answer objectively. He escaped after a sensible pause of hesitation, saying that the question was not at stake.

The indoctrinator naturally expected the evasion, but reminded him that, as he had just ascertained, not all questions can be answered readily with a yes or a no.

Turning then from the proposal of a truce ~ within his terms, of course ~ to a threat, he informed the instructor that he was a "difficult and tough" person, and he meant, obviously ~ and he said so ~ that, in the event of a negative, we would have to bear the consequences and be crushed, for "they" had to go through with those plans anyway.

Despite everything, however, the dialog continued and, perhaps to add a further touch of pressure and intimidation, he recalled his last existence on Earth when he had had the opportunity to serve with the "greatest man in the world".

~ Who do you think it is? ~ He asked.

~ The Christ," was the reply.

He laughed. Not at all. But he would be as great or greater than Jesus. He was the greatest idealist, the most intelligent, and also the most slandered, because he had not been understood: they tore him apart before he could complete his "marvelous" work, which had been regrettable.

This figure of impressive greatness had only just lived in Germany, and had tried to create a new race. I need hardly say who our companion's idol was that night...

In short, the debate was long and difficult, but our enraptured interlocutor was by then

more restrained in his outbursts of pride and arrogance and was beginning to show some respect toward us.

It was not easy to get him to regress, because he had come heavily "equipped" and warned against our "tricks".

Moreover, he was a spirit with a vigorous, dynamic, and experienced personality. He resisted bravely but eventually gave in.

The narrative begins from the point in the conversation with the indoctrinator when the spirit is already magnetized, on the threshold of the process of memory regression.

The first speech is from the indoctrinator:

~ Have confidence in us. Let's go back in time. Come. To that point where you will find the causes of your problem. Where is the most serious core of your spirit, the one that causes you so much anguish, despair, and agitation.

The appropriate suggestions follow. The spirit is already in a state of trance, somewhat sleepy and with a pasty voice. Sometimes he moans and sighs.

Suddenly he begins to expel air through his mouth as if trying to spit out something dry.

The instructor asks what is happening, and he replies:

~ Earth! Earth in my mouth!

He's lying on the ground, so it looks like a little bit of dirt or sand is in his mouth. The indoctrinator asks what happened.

~ I was hit.

~ Who hit you?

~ The soldiers.

~ Why?

~ My whole body hurts. I wasn't doing anything.

~ They wouldn't hit you for no reason. What was it? Where do you live? What is this place?

~ It's all so confusing. I don't know. They hit me... The pigs, those pigs. Because of "them"... I didn't want to report it.

- Report her to whom?

- My sister. My only sister.

She's Jewish, she follows the Old Law (Moses). His sister had become a Christian, but, after all, after all, she was still his sister. That is why he protected her and was beaten by those who had come for her. He continues:

- She was bewitched by an old man who told her about the "Man of the Cross". And the old man cured her too. She had an eye disease.

- Ah! I know. She got well, so she accepted him whom you call the "Man of the Cross". Is that it? Then the soldiers came for her. What for? Did they want to kill her or arrest her?

- It was a betrayal. She had been raised to serve in the Temple.

- Are you a priest?

- No. I look after her. It's just the two of us.

- After you were beaten by the soldiers, what happened? Let's move on.

- I had to kill one of our dogs so that he would not lead them to her. (She was hiding in another place, which the dog knew). They then saw that I knew. ... They took my property... the house...

- And your sister? What happened to her?

- She went to that house where they treated lepers and the sick.

Converted to nascent Christianity, the girl went to serve in the House of the Way in Jerusalem. That's where she was, for the beaurocrats of the Temple wanted to imprison her to force her to fulfill her religious vows under the ancient law.

- But this was only afterward. I hid her. I was left with nothing, repudiated by everyone, not a home to go to, not a friend. Everyone closed their doors to me.

Yes, but you could have gone to that house too, couldn't you?

- No... They're the ones who harmed us.

- What happened to you then? Go on.

- I got angry. I did something terrible. I must have been out of my mind. I had nothing. One day, I stayed hidden by the well where I knew they took water. But I need to tell you what happened first. I once found myself in the house of a person, who wanted my sister very much. He told me he would give me the means to go to Rome and start another life... But the price was her!

- So you went to wait for her by the well?

- Yes. When she came, I called her and she took pity on my clothes and my misery, and I deceived her. I ran away with her and sold her to that person. But I... Don't remind me of this!

- You don't have to tell me what you don't want to say. Please. The important thing is that you...

- She was beautiful! Beautiful as the dawn. And he gave me everything I asked for and I then set off for Rome. I thought about how I could win, taking her with me. And I cheated on her again.

That is, after selling her to the suitor and receiving the money, he devised a plan to take her to Rome, where he intended to continue selling her charms.

At this point, he cries out in despair:

- I took her to Rome and made her a prostitute!

- My dear brother. Do not despair. Now I understand the depth of your pain and the difficulty you have lived all this time.

~ My God! he cries out. She was my sister! I sold her!

~ I am sure that after all this time she has forgiven you. She wishes to welcome you as a brother again. But it is also necessary that you, my dear... The fault is really grave. I don't need to say it, for you understand it well...

~ I martyred her to death. She must have hated me. I feared her eyes when they looked at me.

~ But, listen. It occurred a long time ago.

~ No. It didn't. It is here! It's been with me all my life! ~ He says in despair. ~ It's here now!

~ I understand your remorse and pain, but you must comprehend that you should not remain eighteen or nineteen centuries trapped in anguish because of this.

There is forgiveness in the divine laws; there are conditions.

~ But you don't know... There is no forgiveness for me. You don't know the sordidness in which I lived and made her live too. I've enriched myself again. And you don't know the worse. She contracted a terrible disease. And I threw her out of the house one day.

~ My dear friend. It does not lead us to detest you, nor to despise you.

~ She has moved in with the pigs, the beasts. Now tell me, if there is forgiveness for me!

~ Yes, of course, there is.

~ No. I've been an executioner, I've been a judge, I've been everything. I... There is no forgiveness for me!

~ You need to accept your guilt as you have already done, but you also need to accept God's mercy...

- Let me live my life! I want to live my life. I cannot ever risk finding her. I can't. She'll kill me. Because if she doesn't strike me with that look, I'll strike myself. I'll kill myself.

- You cannot kill yourself. You are a spirit.

- No, no. There is no forgiveness for me. How will I replace all that I took from her? How will I replace her very life, illusions, and dreams, that I destroyed; her purity I corrupted, her goodness I tainted? I made her hate, I made her... I made her a beast, I made her an object that I used, pawned to make money.

- But don't you believe that God can forgive?

- No. If I were God, I would not forgive.

- But you are not God, and He forgives.

- Don't talk to me about forgiveness, as it's an illusion.

- What if she told you that she doesn't hold any grudges against you and that all this has passed? What if she wants to help you recover?

- I can't go back. I can't put it all back. She was like the star you pick up and throw in a pond. And how am I going to clean up all this mess?

- If she was a star, she didn't get dirty. It was just your spirit that got shrouded in shadows. She can help with her light to illuminate the shadows of your soul. You know very well... We cannot deceive you. There is much pain waiting for you...

- What have you made of me? Where am I?

- Listen: What should I call you?

- Call? Call me Devil! Call me anything bad.

- No. I will give you the name you deserve: that of a brother. You are a brother who has a very deep and old pain. We respect your pain and ask you, in a quite sincere, human appeal, since you have lived

with this anguish for so many centuries, that you begin to accept God's mercy.

-Pain? No! It is not a pain. It is a hell of fire! Fire and mud! It's like a volcano of hot lava, burning, burning...

- Just a minute. Listen. Higher than all of this is the mercy of God, the love of Christ, who did not fail to reach out to you and ask you also to meet your sister. You need to start forgiving yourself too. Admitting that also you can be saved from this situation. We all have made mistakes, glaring failures of misunderstanding, despair, distress, and yet, we all save ourselves in due course.

It is not through sacraments of lies and rituals, but through our work. And if Christ has allowed us to come to you tonight, He is still waiting for you too. Just as much as your sister.

- This is an illusion. No. I do not want this world of yours. I don't want it! No, I don't wish this dimension of yours (He fears reincarnation).

- Would you rather stay in yours, in this despair? Then let's do one thing. Wait, my son.

- I'm afraid!

- Let's make a deal. You stay with us for a while as you go with our companions to a place of rest and peace, where you can put all this in order in your head, remember the moments of peace and love, the joys you had... Because there were also joys in those moments you lived oblivious to these sorrows, immersed in the flesh.

It is even possible that you have met your sister in other lives. And you will surely meet her in the future. One day you will be in her presence again. You have got to prepare yourself for that. And we will give you this support.

-What do you have in your hands?

- They're not my hands; they were her hands. When she died, that means, when she was found dead, everyone was surprised because she had nail marks on her hands.

- Ah! What was her name?

- Please don't remind me! Please... I'm afraid.

- Listen, my friend. You don't have to tell me.

- I was afraid. They were the same marks as the...~

He hesitates to say the name.

- Of the Christ, says the indoctrinator.

- I was afraid. And they said she was smiling, and her face and body were clean. And she had no more sickness!

- And you think she does not wish to meet you? Of course, she does.

- I don't want to meet her!

- My son. She wants to help you. You are still her brother.

- I'm a reprobate! Leave me with my equals! Leave me!

- Just a moment. I have made you a proposal: to take you to rest, first of all. Then we will talk. After this rest, this meditation, we will speak again.

He weeps abundantly.

- Leave me with my equals. Leave me! No, I don't want it!

The indoctrinator tries to put him to sleep.

- I can't! I have no right to sleep.

- Yes, you do; we are all children of God.

- I have no right to peace. No, I don't.

He falls asleep and is taken away.

There, then, is the acute tragedy of remorse, self-punishment, and the deepest and most desolate despair. The spirit tormented of affliction measures the distance which separates him from the sister, whom he has martyred and died with the marks of Christ, whom she had kept in her heart without renouncing while she lived through that tenebrous physical and spiritual agony.

THE SAMARIA MARKET

Without any preamble, we picked up the thread of the dialog with this companion at the very moment when he, already magnetized and after having reacted bravely to the induction, plunges into the memories of a remote existence.

It is he who begins to speak:

- It is hot today. Very hot...

- Where are you?

- I'm in my house. I'm serving my customers. I'm a merchant. I sell jars, oils, and wines.

- You are rich, then?

- Yes, I am. I also sell carpets, which I have sent from Persia. Furs, I sell furs. I live here in Samaria.

- Are you a Samaritan, an Orthodox Jew, or another nationality?

- I don't care about those things. My father came from far away.

- Were you already born there or here?

- I was born here.

- What happened there? Please tell me.

- I sell wines, oils, silks, furs...

- Is your house on the side of the road? And you see everyone who passes that way?

- Yes.

~ And one day, someone passed there, and he was very meaningful for your life, your spirit.

What happened that day? How was it?

~ There are no stories. I only hear so much talk... And talk, and talk...

~ One moment, you saw him too.

~ Yes. So what? You don't just hear about it; you...

~ And what happened when you saw him?

I didn't give him any importance. I didn't see him. (Pause).

Sage... My young wife... She is very young. They talk, talk, and she listens to what these women say. Women talk a lot. They get together and talk. They should be busier. I don't like her to help me because she is very beautiful and sometimes she uncovers her face. I don't like these people see her. It was that silk... That came from far away. I gave it to her. It had some sort of substance in it, something that blinded her. She stopped seeing.

~ That can't be so. Do you mean that you, an experienced merchant, gave your wife a cloth that blinded her?

~ It could only have been that. What else could have blinded her?

One day she appeared blind. Then she heard those stories (about Jesus' healings). I forbade her. I went to the doctors in Jerusalem and took her to the Temple. They gave her baths and baths and oils, but nothing helped. One day when we were staying overnight in Jerusalem, she, as usual, got together with some women; she knew it and, against my orders (she says this with emphasis), she went after a legend and a man who could heal. No man heals...

She went there. (The account comes out in pieces, painfully, as if he was still reluctant to accept the facts and is embarrassed to reproduce them). Well, naturally, the eye remedies....

. All that, you know it, can happen afterwards, can't it? Remote effect. She came back all right, but she thought He cured her. I didn't want her to bring it up because we were staying at the house of a merchant who, besides being a merchant, supplied the Temple and the people from the Sanhedrin, and I also served people there. We returned to Samaria, but she was never the same again. She lived in the corners, her eyes lost in space, as if she were having visions. And every person who came, every traveler, she would ask for news. And that bothered me.

- And did He pass by one day?

- He did. I wasn't there, as I'd gone to get a set of silks. I think she's gone...

- You never saw her again? Did she go away?

- - She got lost in the crowd that was following him. I saw her; yes, later. After everything had passed (These companions avoid direct mention of the crucifixion).

- In the spiritual world, therefore, as spirits, you and your wife?

- No. I saw her there, in Jerusalem, after everything had passed and the criminal justly punished.

- And what happened? Did you take her home?

- She confessed to being a Christian. She confessed.

- And what did you do?

- I wanted to... I should have whipped her, but I loved her so much. So I defended her, saying she was crazy. And I think she was really mad. Those eyes kept seeing visions.

(Mediumship?) She abandoned the silks. I took her back home and locked her in a room, but when I wasn't there, she would slip out, to distribute our things, to take food to poor lepers. And one day, I...

(Long hesitation) One day I... I confronted her. I grabbed her by the hair, slammed her head against the wall, whipped her and, as she said nothing - for I think she no longer loved me - nor did she want to fulfil her wifely duties... She only spoke of that Rabbi, that vision, that Kingdom foreign to me. And she said that the miserable, the poor, the lepers were her brothers.

- But what happened then? You said you grabbed her by the hair...

.Did she die?

- I don't know, for after everything, I dragged her out the door and threw her outside. I pushed her down a piece of the road and dumped her, so that her brothers would take care of her.

- And you never heard from her again?

- I didn't want to know any more.

- But, my dear, if I understand you correctly, it's a story that's, at once, very sad and painful, but if you meditate well, you will find many beauties in it too, because you have seen...

- Only madness... Only madness!

- No. Listen.

- How can you go mad with love for a man who died on a cross? Who couldn't even dress himself?

- Yes, but didn't he restore her sight? Or do you think it was the priests with their balms and oils? Now, honestly, that...

- I never wanted to know.

- Don't you want to know, even now?

- What difference does it make?

- A lot.

- It's been so long! And I never had the son I wanted to carry on with our tradition.

- But is Christ to blame for all this?

- He stole my son from me, my happiness, my dreams of youth. He stole everything from me. I became a rich man. Richer and richer, and more and more alone. More and more alone... It gave me an agony that killed me.

- Yes, but that life also ended one day, and you went to the spiritual world. How did that existence end? Were you very old?

- I was not too old. You know it. That sect spread like a creeping plague, like a terrible fungus. There was a time when everyone was persecuted, and I tried to identify in my tent those who were of the sect. I would denounce them, to take revenge. I never saw her again. She was everything to me. To this day, I don't know if I killed her or not. I feel like a murderer.

- Now let us return here, to the present, bringing back these memories, but especially, my dear, the memory of that spirit you loved and thus continue to love. That spirit who survived and fought for an ideal, who accepted your punishments and pains for the love, not only of a being, but of a new life ideal, which she knew how to understand, and you tenaciously refused. Centuries passed, she walked on, and you did not want to follow her. It is not because she was stolen from you, but rather because you did not want to go with her. She did not lose her interest in you. On the contrary. She has been seeking your spirit all this time, and you have always been running away from her.

- You are causing me a strange thing! Yes, it is true, it's true. She came to help me. Rosa Malena. I lied. (A story he had told earlier in the conversation about an existence he had had in Spain, when his wife by the name of Rosa Malena had betrayed him and he had thrown

her down a well). I lied. So beautiful and so pure. But I was still very attached to money. I had hurt because of abandonment. I'm a very unhappy man. I was very unhappy.

~ But, my dear, who has the love so pure of a being, who from the first hour dedicated himself to his neighbor to spread the message of Christ, is not unhappy.

Certainly, she is waiting for you again. Please do not disappoint her once more. Stay with us. We cannot promise you the impossible, but perhaps she will be with you in the spiritual world, where you can meet her again and understand her in another way.

Just because she loves Christ it does not mean she has stopped loving you. So much does she love you that she came back in another life, trying to recover your spirit.

~ Rosa Malena was not my wife. She was a sister. I repudiated her because she was too pious. She was rich and beautiful but lived with the dirty poor and wanted me to help her. So, I threw her out of the house. I had a terrible temper.

~ Listen, my dear. These are memories you need to face now, to accept this reality of love, which you run away from. We won't demand a total, sudden, immediate acceptance from you of all the Christ preached; you still have a long way to go to accept it.

~ Twice I kicked her out of my house....

~ Give your spirit a chance, and also to this being so devoted to you, so pure, so loving, to help you as a sister, a companion, a friend. Do you agree? But there is still something to confess, and he wishes to go to the bitter bottom of the cup.

~ My father gave her to me on his deathbed. And I threw her out!

~ Wouldn't you like to be with her again?

- How? I threw her out twice....

- But she doesn't hate you for that. She will try again and again, for that same Christ, whom she understood so well in the early days, taught us to forgive not just seven times, but seventy times seven. Accept the forgiveness she offers you, and go and meet her. We will help you.

- But if she was human, why did she not want human joys and pleasures?

- My dear, human joys and pleasures are not incompatible with love of God and other beings. We can, as incarnate, lead a perfectly normal life, serve our neighbor, and try to comprehend our problems and to love our fellow men, as we are just like them.

Do you agree?

Will you stay with us, then?

- After you have reduced me to this, where will I go?

- We don't mean to humiliate you nor bring you useless pain. But it was necessary for you to take this plunge into the past in order to understand all this from another point of view, in a moment of lucidity, of calm....

- Understand what? Christ is still hitting me.

- No, my dear. He has been waiting for you since that time. It is you who did not want to follow him. Your beloved, your Salvia, followed him and became very happy. Why don't you want to be happy with her? Isn't that your pride? Can't you come down from your pedestal? Why can't you come down?

- But Christ is unattainable. He is complex...

- No, He is not. How did she accept him?

- I don't understand him.

~ It is because you want to reach him by intelligence, intellect, cold reason. She has arrived quicker than you. How did she understand him? Is she more brilliant than you? No. She is more loving. Don't you realize that the path of love is the shortest? Why have you wasted this time, made so many turns and let so many centuries pass?

~ She submitted, let herself be dominated.

~ I don't think so. A being with such lucidity, calm and balance, might be dominated? She is more liberated than you, my dear. She is the one who is free. You are stuck to your grudges, disappointments and pride.

~ I have had religious lives.

~ But you have not loved Christ. Now, you don't need to change yourself promptly into a perfect being, but begin to recognize your faults so you can free yourself from it. Give your beloved a chance to help you.

(Pause). We have to interrupt our conversation here. You, please, stay with us, then.

If possible, we will go to the spiritual world afterwards to be with you, put you at rest and pacify your spirit a little so that you can understand all this. Is that all right?

~ Yes.

~ Forgive me, right? Don't take it personally if I said some of the rougher phrases we exchanged at first, since...

~ I feel so alone.

~ You're not alone. You are with us. Those same fellows that you didn't understand at the time, many of whom you may even have denounced, as you said, are the ones who want to help you today.

~ I've always felt so alone. I've had so many women and always felt so lonely... I miss something. I miss her...

~ That's right. You miss the love you refused but is within the reach of your hand.

The spirit is led with a word of affection, hope and a request to address his beloved in thought.

This story is of another bewildered brother who could not accept Christ even after the healing of the woman he loved. On the contrary, he, instead, fixed his resentment on him and became crystallized in incomprehension while she followed the evolutionary path, serving the cause of love of neighbor.

This all-embracing and transcendent love also included the wealthy merchant of Samaria.

He could have followed the path with her to the places of light.

He chose, instead, to beat her head against the walls and drag her into the road, where he abandoned her. He went back to his riches, pride, prejudices, and loneliness. Christ was to blame for all that misfortune...

Centuries later, when she returned to the flesh as a sister, once more she invited him to the sublime task of charity, and again he drove her out of his house, and turned to his riches, pride, prejudices, and loneliness...

At last, he had come to find attention, and affection, warmth and welcome precisely among those miserable followers of the Christ whom he had tenaciously fought for nearly two thousand years...

ANGELICA AND FAITH

The spiritual companion whose story we relate below declares to be a "servant of the Christ of God, the Way, the Truth, and the Life". With a low voice, almost aphonic, he responded with a contrite "Amen" to our indoctrinator's initial greeting.

He had come to bring affection, understanding, friendship, and desire to serve. And he had found "armed Christians".

~ Disarm yourself ~ he said. ~ We are one flock. We are brothers!

And he continued, in the pastoral tone of a preacher:

~ Come unto me, ye that would serve, and I will give you service opportunity, a hoe to plow the hard soil of men's hearts!

In fact, he spoke only in an oratorical tone, as if he were in front of an auditorium. With the same inflection in his voice, he expressed the most resounding praise for the instructor who was doing, in his opinion, such a sought-after, so well accepted! As for him, he was a counsellor, a preacher. He had come in the name of truth, understanding, and fraternity from distant lands, where he disseminated the Divine Truth. He had been invited to preach to the multitudes in this part of the world, and he needed suitable instruments, i.e., those who could capture and transmit the inspired word.

He wanted the hand of the instructor to write with it and the mouth of the medium to speak for him.

During the conversation, he declared himself a minister of the Presbyterian Church, but he did not wish to speak of the past.

From then on, his fundamental theme, the dominant subject of his entire oratorical exposition is faith. Man is saved only through faith and service to Christ. Reincarnation is of no use.

Although "they" admit reincarnation, they see no need or desirability to spread such ideas.

(This is, by the way, a pretty usual attitude among our dear expriestly brothers).

The man had to accept the idea of the resurrection of the flesh in that body with which it would represent itself on the Day of Judgment. Since reincarnation and the Last Judgment are opposite concepts, the indoctrinator drew his attention to the point, and he replied, serenely, that whether the judgment existed or not, it did not matter; the important thing was that man believed in it.

That is, he had his conscience always alerted that one day he would be judged. By accepting the existence of Hell, for instance, one would always strive to act correctly.

But the big idea was really faith. He did not preach the doctrine of reincarnation because it "confused" man's mind. What man needs is faith.

The rest is irrelevant. Love, for example, cannot withstand certain shocks of faith. (We shall see why later).

This whole exposition was full of evangelical quotations applied with invariable precision and propriety. When the instructor asked him if he had always been a Christian, he replied that he was "reborn" when he became a Christian:

"Before that, I was not me. We are all born in Christ. I count my life from then to here when I accepted Jesus". This very relevant event is precisely in his memory: it was in 1675, in the United States.

~ And you? ~ He asks the instructor. ~ When did you accept him?

~ In Galilee ~ is the answer.

~ Were you baptized? Were you confirmed?

A little later in the conversation, the recurring theme of faith comes up again. The spirit insists on the thesis of the absolute sovereignty of faith, and the indoctrinator reminds us that Paul placed charity above faith in chapter 13 of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians.

As an exegete of the Gospel, he knows the text, but he states that, when writing it, the Apostle was still very troubled in his faith and full of doubts.

It was a recent conversion for him. The instructor recalls that the Epistle is well after the conversion, written in maturity and acceptance when the Author was already very much worked up by the struggles and meditations. The spirit, however, is unshakable: thinks that, in reality, Paul put faith in second place.

He had a hard time coming to the faith; he was attached to earthly problems, for even in his letter to Timothy (and he knows that this is one of his last), he asked for material things, like his cloak, which was left on the way with a friend.

The problem of this companion is, therefore, something unbearable for his conscience, which he hides behind that brilliant oratorical facade he has paradoxically adorned with one of the most beautiful religious concepts ~ that of faith!

What could be the reason for this position? What would be behind that barrier?

In the context of these ideas, is where the following account should be examined, reproduced from the moment he begins the memory regression.

First, however, the indoctrinator must overcome some persistent resistances.

In response to a remark made by the spirit, the indoctrinator asks the following question:

~ How was that story?

~ It is better not to go into this story. You want details, and I don't know. I am confused. I'm not sure what I'm saying. (New and last escape attempt).

~ This is all recorded in you. The sighs of love, confessions, betrayals, pains, joys, and hopes. We are all that, my brother. We are human beings, fallible creatures. Imperfection is still ingrained in us, but our mistakes are not irremissible. We redeem ourselves in God. Christ has shown us the way and reincarnation is the instrument of our redemption. There are no final judgments. There are no hells. No punishments. We are the artisans of our happiness or misfortune. I realize that your Spirit, so beloved and so brilliant, is entangled in concepts that distort the truth. You have built up around you a truth that suits you, that is, the half-truth, and the half-truth is also a lie, brother.

Will you continue to be entangled in it, inside this cocoon? You need to get out, free yourself from it, fly, fly to God. You believe you accept Christ. Why do you try to mix Christ with your passions and personal interests?

Why do you try to drag other brothers into this tangle of doctrines you know are not true? A spirit who knows, admits, and agrees with the law of reincarnation cannot preach the final judgment, the hell doctrine; it cannot deceive those who wish to enlighten themselves. You do not transmit the light but the shadow with these concepts.

And you have light to give, for you know the Gospel and because you love.

~ It's not a pretty story.

~ My son, you don't have to tell it to me. I don't want to rip it out any price. All I want you to know is that you don't have to stay stuck in this past of disillusionment, nor continue to be an instrument of the interests and passions of those who manipulate you. You obey your group's interests in the hope that as long as you are there, you are protected. Protected from what? From love? From evolution? From Christ?

~ "They" know! "They" know my secret. I don't know how they knew. She was a very young and beautiful girl. She came on a ship and went to live on a farm nearby. Her name was Angélica. I was married. I had a wife and a couple of children. I fell in love... She came every evening (Wonderful!) for the two children; to teach them the Christ Gospel. which she called catechism. I wasn't interested, but I became interested because of her. We met in the woods. She, always with the Bible in her hand, and I, on the pretext of someone who wanted to learn...

~ My dear, you don't have to tell the whole story. I only wanted you to turn a little to your past to understand your present and seek solutions for the future.

But he goes on, in that invincible compulsion to talk:

~ I had a boat. And one day... I couldn't take it anymore! I took my wife for a walk and threw her in the water. (Pause)

~ My dear companion. We know sorrow and remorse have kept you in this scheme of falsehoods and anguish. We are not here to imprison nor to humiliate you. We are here in the name of Christ, to help you. Not because we are perfect, my brother. We are full of mistakes and faults; we often stumble over our passions...

But he does not seem to hear and continues inexorably:

~ That's why I went to her church, singing in the choir with her.

I read the Bible. Blind! Crazy!

- But there are two positive things about these horrors. Now you recognize, repentant, the power of love and bring the knowledge of the Gospel. You have proved the existence of love. But you have lowered it to the status of passion. When it was necessary to renounce it, you followed your impulses. The mistake was made. It is certain...

- Interesting that, now that I've spoken, I feel relieved! It is no longer a secret. You know it too.

- The secret will stay here. I respect your pain, but as I often say, regret needs to be constructive. You need to seek those spirits again and serve them with love and dedication...

- I killed my wife, I made my children orphans!

- And you never met the spirit of the one who was your wife again?

In the spirit world, for example.

- I ran away from her. I don't have enough courage for that! She was a good woman; that's it!

-- Do you think she condemns you or has forgiven you?

- I don't know.

- And the other one? Angelica. Life went on...

- Her father had other plans for her. Deep down, I was afraid that she would get suspicious. I proposed marriage to her.

- And the children, how did they turn out?

- With an aunt, who I think was also suspicious. I don't know. It seems that everyone was suspicious, everyone knew. I took refuge in my belief... Which I could not accept, but served as a refuge.

They ordered me to a minister. My first sermon was at her wedding.

Damn her! She made a criminal of me!

- No, my dear. That's not quite it. What made you commit such folly was your passion, not her. My brother, what can we do here, right now, to help you, to serve you?

- I don't know. I was a tree that was standing, and you cut off my trunk.

- It was dry. When you cut down a dry tree, it sprouts again, with new vigor. That is what will happen to you.

- My roots are in the ground, and my trunk is fallen. What can I do?

- The roots are immersed in life. A new trunk will be born, and you can bear new fruit, flowers, shelter birds, and provide shade...

- Shade for her to come and sit under with her husband?

- Do you hate her then?

- How can one do it? How can you hate the one you loved so much?

- If you search into your remotest past, you will find out why this happened. We are not criminals by compulsion of divine law; we are criminals by choice, by free choice. Now, the divine law is so perfect, so pure, so good, that it always gives us the opportunity of redemption and the means to make amends for our mistakes. But if we continue to attract other spirits to that error in which we live, how can we to correct our faults?

If you allow a suggestion from a companion, from a friend: Stop your follies for a moment. Examine your conscience.

Expel from your heart all feelings of resentment, hatred, and revolt. Turn to Christ. Strip yourself of your pomp, your rhetoric. Speak to him as a being who suffers and who expects love. Ask him to help you discover the path of peace. I know it will not be easy. You have to redo

many things, take up abandoned ways again, and go and get each one of those spirits whom you have harmed to bring them back to your heart.

There are so many compensations, so beautiful the hopes and certainties of redemption and pacification, that the pain of redemption is worth it. Instead of this static pain, which builds nothing, and poisons us in such a way that in all you transmit to us, there is also a little of your poison.

You were telling me, a moment ago, that you are tired.

It is true. Tired of deceiving yourself, tired of the pain, running away, anguish, and despair. Stay with us, rest, meditate, recompose your thoughts. You will then be able to plan new existences of redemption and joy. God is in us, and we live in God, as our Paul said.

It is in the "Acts". Do you agree to stay with us?

~ There is nothing more for me to do.

~ No, my son. I am not asking you to stay anyway or to oblige you to stay. If you want to follow the alternative of disillusionment, you are free, my dear. But you know that other times it didn't work out. I am offering you an option that we know is positive; the one you followed has resulted in what you see: a picture of desolation, pain, and longing...

~ Remorse...

~ Yes, but based on this remorse, you will rebuild an existence, you will find love again, and ask forgiveness from those you have harmed. Forgiveness is in the divine laws. God always forgives us, but the Law demands reparation.

~ I am tired, very tired.

~ Do you have a grudge against me?

- No, I resent myself. How did I get into all this, all of a sudden?
- Let's stop here today. You already have plenty of material for meditation and reformulating your existence, thoughts, and philosophy of life.
- I acted like a treacherous beast. I killed, I betrayed. Have you ever carried a crime on your conscience? I don't forget the frightened eyes of the children, their wide eyes... It was a couple. Eight and six years old. The boy was six.
- And you lived until they became adults?
- I left them too. I went to church. I went to be a minister. I went to live in the Rectory (parish house). They reminded me of her. I was afraid of remorse. I was afraid of betraying myself. I saw the crime in their frightened eyes, as if they feared me. Afraid of me, their father...
- Have you never had the opportunity to do something for them in the spirit world?
- I was afraid... I was afraid to meet them. Any of them.

He cries at last, unleashing the tears he has held back, for so long, behind that dam of false faith. The indoctrinator gives him his last remarks.

- I believe that all these Spirits have forgiven you; it is your conscience that has not yet forgiven you, but you must remember that the first step towards our recovery is not tolerance of our mistakes, but the decision to forgive ourselves as well, so that remorse does not paralyze us.

We will be with you, by your side, in your difficulties. Whenever you need help with your weaknesses in difficult times, remember that Christ is within reach of our voice. No prayer goes unanswered.

If, at times, we are not answered in the way we would like, it is

because it was not the way that suited us. Do you know how to pray?

- Oh! I'm not up to it.

- Not now, but you will be able to.

To overcome his understandable difficulty, the teacher prays for him, as if he were himself, exposing his dramas and asking for help while he cries without stopping.

He only manages to say one final word: "Thank you. Thank you very much!"

That is the tragedy our dear companion has dragged on for three hundred years in his tormented conscience.

That Monday evening, after the touching conversation with him, our dear Angelica, the beautiful blonde girl who had once taught catechism to our brother's children.

She calmly told us that, in a way, she felt guilty about that terrible drama. Not because she had induced our companion to commit the crime, but she could not escape the evidence that the passion she had inspired in him was, somehow, if not consented, stimulated, as is evident from those secret meetings in the woods, even if the motivation was the study of the Gospel.

She had now obtained his consent to return to the flesh, to receive him as her husband, and to have as her children the old wife who had been sacrificed, whose frightened eyes had been written with the silent terror inspired by their father, who had deprived them of their mother's presence so early in life.

The future will tell whether such anxiety will be extinguished along with the passions and misunderstandings, or there will be again failures to correct in new attempts, one day, three or four centuries later, who knows it?